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Robert Coles on INTELLECTUALS

For many years, as I have worked, trying to understand how all sorts of families make do, often against considerable odds, I have written articles and books for interested fellow citizens. Soon enough, I have received the expected responses. But on one score I confess to perplexity, even alarm – an absence, almost total, of reaction when it comes to an entire side of my work. I refer to the descriptions I've rendered of the religious thoughts and feelings of the children and adults I've come to know.

All I need do, it seems, is come up with a social conclusion, make a psychological generalization, attempt a literary analysis, try portraying a certain kind of personal or regional life, and there are thoughtful (appreciatively or reprovingly so) correspondents willing to share their evaluations publicly. But when I have tried to describe how, say, an old Spanish-speaking woman from northern New Mexico, or a Southern black child, or an Appalachian white child, or a small-town working-class man happen to feel about Jesus and His words and deeds, then the result is either the silence already mentioned, or rarely, a puzzled, frustrated truculence: "I don't see why you get yourself into all that religious talk! If you're trying to prove that people are superstitious, or need a crutch, then a page is enough, not a chapter or half a book!"

In my own case, the attention given religious faith is held even more suspect because I'm a psychiatrist – and so, presumably, "educated" and "perceptive" enough (so I was told in another friendly letter!) to "know better"! I should be what an intellectual ought to be – someone who analyzes how others think and feel, who gives reasons for one or another moment of history. The civil rights struggle, for instance: I ought have kept my mind on the various "variables" that prompted it.

Meanwhile, there is this young man from Birmingham, Alabama, speaking in 1965: "I don't know why I said no to segregation. I'm just another white Southerner, and I wasn't brought up to love integration! But I was brought up to love Jesus Christ, and when I saw the police of this city use dogs on people, I asked myself what Jesus would have done – and that's all I know about how I came to be here, on the firing line!"

Intellectuals also need to document how people's beliefs prompt them to live their lives. And I fear that when I started doing that I learned something about myself and my kind – how arrogant and self-centered we risk becoming: interested in our own heady assertions, and anxious to be the spokespersons for all those others, who don't write and teach and come up with new ideas, but who rather, try to go from one day to the next, and who yes, in large numbers indeed, keep calling on Jesus, not the intellectuals, for guidance. –from the June 1982 NEW OXFORD REVIEW.

If you are interested in exploring the beliefs behind the "data" – in probing the deeper religious feelings embedded in our lives, however much we try to ignore them – if you want to *understand* what moves a Martin Luther King Jr., a Lech Walesa, an Archbishop Romero, a Mother Teresa, a Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a Polish Pope, a Simone Weil, a Dorothy Day, a George Orwell, then you're ready to look into the **NEW OXFORD REVIEW**. We are spearheading the renewed interest among today's intellectuals in what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Robert Coles writes a regular column called "Harvard Diary," and like him, our writers – Juli Loesch, John C. Cort, J.M. Cameron, Arthur F. McGovern, Dale Vree, and others – express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and "heart." Published monthly, we have been praised by *Newsweek* for being "thoughtful," and the *Library Journal* predicts we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

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THE CHURCH'S PLACE

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer ("The Church-State Debate," TNR, September 17 & 24) claims that there are but three lines of defense available to public servants who believe that abortion is wrong but who are unwilling to make it illegal: democratic theory, privacy, and something he calls "civil peace." Mr. Krauthammer's list is not really all-inclusive, however. It is possible for an individual to *believe* something (for example, that fetuses are persons) but not believe that he has sufficient evidence so that he might *know* it. Many religious beliefs have this character. It is thus neither inconsistent nor immoral for a politician to claim that abortion seems wrong to him while refusing to vote to make it illegal to have one.

WALTER HORN
Allston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

In their decision to exploit the religious issue, the President and his strategists have ignored a basic contradiction. The very "secular humanism" against which the President would rally the forces of the Righteous is, in fact, the classical liberalism which has given birth to some of his most cherished ideals: liberty, privacy, the free-market economy, and limited government. These secular values are far more the legacy of an areligious rationalism than of Calvin and the Puritans.

In the name of disestablishing secularism, the President seems bent on establishing a nondenominational national religion with himself as its defender. And, in a breathtaking reversal, he declared the intolerant to be not the members of his established "faith," but those who would dare to dissent from it. The President trivializes two profound and abiding questions which, in a free society, must be kept permanently open: How can communities of faith participate constructively in the formation of a public moral consensus? How can the public moral debate be kept civil and productive? Mr. Reagan seems now to have declared holy war on the libertarian humanism that is a principal source of his Republican ideals.

RICHARD J. NIEBANCK
New York, New York

To the editors:

Bishop James Malone and Archbishop John O'Connor rightly have criticized the argument that "we cannot legislate morality." The fact is that laws against voyeurism, incest, rape, stealing, slander, racial discrimination, child prostitution, and murder demonstrate that society can and does legislate morality.

Former U.S. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, in April 1980, said as much when he observed during the oral arguments regarding the constitutionality of the Hyde Amendment that almost all our laws—for example, laws against theft and murder—have a religious origin in the Ten Commandments. Ironically, one popular argument favoring the 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* abortion decision is that "we cannot legislate morality." Yet that ruling in effect imposed the moral views of pro-abortionists on those who think abortion is the killing of unborn babies.

HAVEN BRADFORD GOW
Stafford, Virginia

TAX COURSE

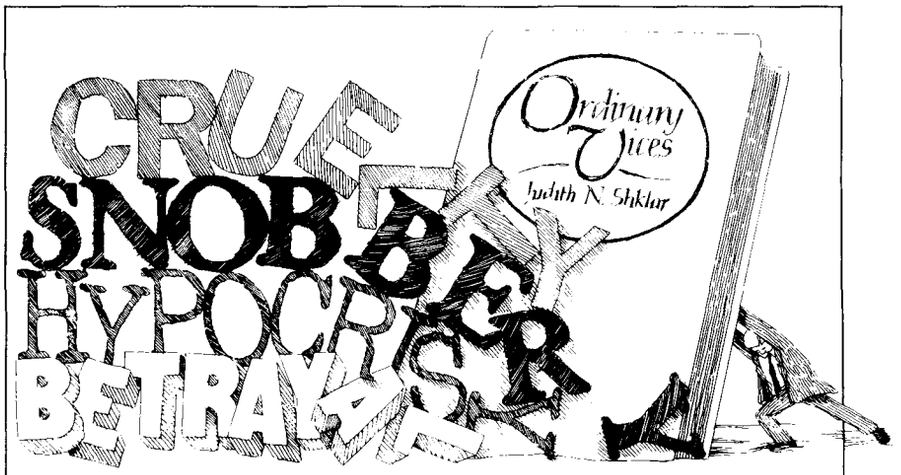
To the editors:

Marc Granetz reveals the shocking news that the Los Angeles Olympics gave some firms the opportunity to suddenly make routine marketing expenses tax-deductible expenses ("Cambridge Diarist," TNR, September 3). How awful! Apparently Mr. Granetz has not yet taken an "Introduction to Taxation" course as part of his law studies. Routine marketing expenses are a legitimate cost of doing business and are tax deductible whether or not they are tied in with the Olympics.

SHANE MORIARITY
Norman, Oklahoma

Mr. Granetz replies:

In "Introduction to Reading Comprehension," Mr. Moriarity would learn that my obvious point was that these tax-deductible marketing expenses were given the false appearance of corporate largesse. *Si je parle mal, comprenez-moi meiux.*



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FROM WASHINGTON

Old-Fashioned Courtship

For thirty years, ever since *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, conservatives have been complaining about "judicial activism." They object, they say, to judges who make their own laws and overrule the will of the people as expressed through democratically elected representatives. They want "strict constructionism" of the Constitution. The 1984 Republican platform promises, "In his second term, President Reagan will continue to appoint Supreme Court and other federal judges who share our commitment to judicial restraint."

If Ronald Reagan is reelected and gets the opportunity to remake the Supreme Court, I wonder whether conservatives will be satisfied with "judicial restraint." There is legitimate reason to fear that what we might get instead is judicial activism, conservative-style.

The Republican platform, for example, also promises judges who "support . . . the sanctity of innocent human life." This, of course, is a reference to the despised 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. But the language does not suggest that its authors would be satisfied with the *status quo ante*, when states could pass any abortion law they wished and many were on the way to legalizing it. If the fetus is "human life," then clearly judicial activism is called for in order to rule abortion unconstitutional.

Right now, the other two branches of government are in conservative hands, and so judicial restraint still looks pretty good from a right-wing perspective. But the Reagan people know that political winds can change. They may well get a chance to leave behind a Supreme Court that will promote their own political values when they are long gone. Can they resist in the name of principle? After seething for decades as liberals installed a rival agenda through the courts, can an Administration that didn't even abolish the Department of Education be expected to rise to such a historic act of self-abnegation?

At the very least, the Reaganites are determined not make Eisenhower's mistake of letting in ringers like Earl Warren and William Brennan. All judicial nominees are rigorously pre-tested. According to Bruce Fein, a cocky former Reagan Justice Department official (now at the superlobbying firm, Gray and Company), each nominee's writings are examined and the nominee is closely questioned about his or her jurisprudential views. For example, "Do they ask themselves, 'Is this fair?' or 'Is this good?' as a basis for constitutional jurisprudence?" (Hint: if you want to be a judge, the correct answer is, "No.") So far, thanks to this system, "We have not been the slightest bit disappointed" in the subsequent decisions of Reagan appointees, Fein says.

Fein, a self-appointed spokesman for the as-yet nonexistent Reagan Supreme Court, has a laundry list of Warren-era precedents that will be overturned in the name of judicial restraint. (Although, "We're talking five to fifteen years before all of the constitutional heresies committed by past courts will be eradicated.") The abortion decision, out. One man-one vote, "Overruled." School prayer? Back, along with "very large amounts of direct or indirect public aid to . . . parochial schools." Miranda, overruled. Busing, forget it. The exclusionary rule? Canceled, Fein says cheerfully, except for "some kind of 'shocks the conscience' test." *Brown* itself, he assures, is safe, though in fact school integration is as hard to find in Fein's creationist-style literal reading of the Constitution as any of these other "heresies."

Fein claims to believe that "the judicial profile in the policymaking process of government should be *tiny*. Diminutive." But he has no trouble promising that a Reagan court will ban affirmative action, even where the people's representatives have voted democratically to apply it. And he sees the Reagan court as an active "defender of Presidential power" against attempts at restraint by Congress.

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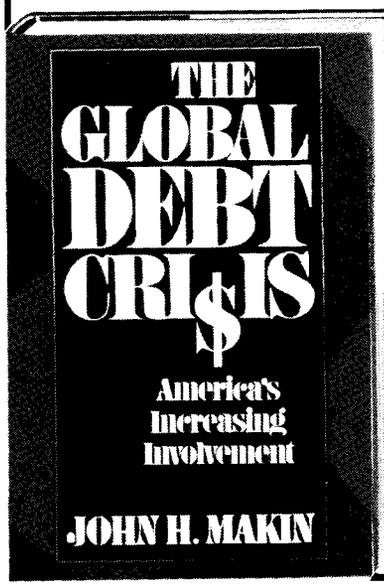

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OCTOBER 22, 1984

MONDALE FOR PRESIDENT

For the first time since 1956, a personally popular American President is running for reelection at a time of what can plausibly (if incompletely) be described as peace and prosperity. As everyone knows, at such times incumbents do not lose; and this incumbent enjoys some special advantages. Ronald Reagan has a bulging campaign treasury, a huge staff, and a first-rate communications apparatus. He has a charming smile, a disarming tilt of the head, and a rich, reassuring voice. His "successful" Presidency shines all the more brightly for the contrast with the four "failed" ones that preceded it. He is so far ahead that his defeat is almost inconceivable. The question for the moment, however, is not whether Mr. Reagan will be reelected, but whether he ought to be; not whether his Presidency has been successful in its own terms, but whether its continuation is to be wished for; not whether he should be rewarded or punished for a job well or ill done, but whether he or Walter Mondale should be entrusted with the stewardship of the United States government for the next four years. For us the choice is not very hard. We choose Walter Mondale.

Ronald Reagan has had a powerful impact upon the temper of his times. Like soft snow drifting over a harsh landscape, the President's genial personal and rhetorical style obscures an ideology of raw power that exalts "winners" and heaps contempt upon "losers." (That ideology, absorbed by the media and the society at large, is one of the sources of the scorn Mr. Mondale has suffered for the unpardonable sin of running behind.) At home the Reagan ideology has produced a record that is mean of spirit, barren of concrete accomplishment, and reflexively hostile to any form of public action except the kind that interferes with the spiritual and intimate lives of individuals. Abroad the emphasis on strength and on the simple verities has served the Administration and the nation much better; and here, despite strategic aimlessness and diplomatic clumsiness, Mr. Reagan can justly claim some genuine gains. But even these are threatened by domestic policies that weaken the social cohesion a strong foreign policy needs.

Mr. Reagan's proudest boast, and the foundation of his political strength, is the state of the economy. The country is in the midst of a vigorous recovery, yet inflation has been kept down to 5 percent. When such conditions prevail, it is normal for an incumbent President to be allowed at least a smidgen of credit. Grant him a smidgen, then. But no more.

The present recovery has nothing to do with the stated policies of the Reagan Administration, which, for those who understandably have forgotten, traveled under the name of supply-side economics. The rationale for those policies went something like this. If you put enough new money into the hands of the well-off by cutting their taxes, and if you free them from the shackles of oppressive environmental regulation and the like, something wonderful happens. The well-off, suddenly flush and inspired by the prospect of keeping more of whatever extra they can get their hands on, rush to put that money into productive investments. As a result, new businesses, new industries, and new jobs are created—so many, in fact, that the taxes they pay exceed the cost of the original tax cut, thus bringing about an actual *increase* in government revenue. (No need for spending cuts. Oh happy day!) Meanwhile, the flood of new goods and services to the now unfettered market keeps prices down, since supply stays just a wee bit out ahead of demand. Everyone benefits. Fade to credits.

That was the script; the movie has turned out differently. A recovery is indeed in progress, but its causes have nothing to do with the supply-side fantasy. It is a perverse demand-driven Keynesian recovery, stimulated by a large federal budget deficit, and it has succeeded in bringing unemployment back down to a level no better than when Mr. Reagan took office. Inflation is low by the standards of recent years, but no thanks to the Administration. The credit for taming inflation goes to three factors: luck (oil and food prices have stabilized); the monetary policies of the Federal Reserve under Paul Volcker, installed by President Carter; and the slump of 1982-83, by most measures the worst since the Great Depression. It is no great feat to hold down inflation with 12 million people unemployed.

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There's not much political mileage these days in talking about the poor and the weak—they're "losers," after all—but the fact remains that Mr. Reagan's economic and fiscal policies have inflicted immense suffering on the most vulnerable members of our society. More than half-a-million people, most of them children, were pushed into poverty by the Administration's budget cuts. A half-million fatherless families were "terminated from A.F.D.C."—that is, thrown off welfare. Of these, according to a General Accounting Office study, between a third and two-thirds were left without any kind of health care coverage, half ran out of food at some point after being "terminated," and more than one-fourth had heat or electricity cut off because they couldn't pay the bill. Because of Mr. Reagan's tax and budget policies, there has been a vast transfer of wealth from the bottom to the top of the income scale. The top fifth of the country has gained 8.7 percent in real disposable income; in unpleasing symmetry, the bottom fifth has lost 7.6 percent. In 1980 a family of four at the poverty line paid $462 in federal taxes. Today that family pays $1,079. By contrast, a typical individual making over $200,000 has received a $27,000 annual windfall from marginal rate reductions alone. (Mr. Reagan himself saved $91,000 on his 1982 return under his own program, about $86,000 more than he needed to stay ahead of "bracket creep.") When the supply-side rationale collapsed, the moral and social justification for these transfers collapsed, too. There is nothing left but grossness and greed.

THE RECOVERY, to repeat, has nothing to do with "incentives" and everything to do with deficits. But Mr. Reagan's deficits are not like those of his predecessors. They are "structural," which is to say they stretch on into the future, growing larger and larger even if the boom is "permanent," as Mr. Reagan has claimed. At the end of 1980 the debt ceiling was $900 billion; this week it will be raised to $1.8 trillion. Mr. Reagan has increased it by as much as Presidents Washington through Carter inclusive. The implications for the country's future of this huge and growing debt, and of the high interest rates and overvalued dollar that go with it, are disturbing, even frightening. The American economy is beginning to acquire a second-rate cast. Our twenty fastest-growing occupations pay an average of $100 a week less than our twenty most rapidly declining. We export raw materials and import manufactured goods. We spend a growing proportion of our national income on government: the feds spend 25 percent of it under this gov'mint-hating Administration, up from 22.4 percent in 1980. We borrow to meet interest payments, which are now growing faster than the economy. By next year, the United States will be a net debtor; by the year after that, we will pass Argentina to become the largest net debtor in the world. Don't cry for me, Santa Barbara!

The rest of Mr. Reagan's domestic record presents a mostly unrelieved picture of reactionary retrenchment. On civil rights, the Administration has quite properly sought to end the drift toward racial quotas as routines in our national life. But the Administration's concern for the victims of reverse discrimination has not been matched by a similar concern for the victims of—well, of discrimination. The most telling examples were its effort to win tax exemption for segregated private schools and its attempt to permit federal aid to institutions that practice discrimination in programs other than the one being directly aided. On the environment, only because the self-destructive loudmouths the President appointed to high positions inadvertently tripped the alarm has the active damage been contained. But the passive damage—accomplished through such simple bureaucratic stratagems as not enforcing the law—has been bad enough. While the Administration busies itself trying to sell offshore oil-drilling rights to an industry that no longer wants them, thousands of toxic waste dumps continue to leach poisons into the soil and water, and nothing is done. The litany of environmental neglect and indifference is long and dispiriting. In education, basic science, research and development, energy conservation, and a host of other areas, funding has been indiscriminately cut, with little thought for efficiency or for the future.

In the area of civil liberties, where the tension between the statist and the libertarian strains of conservatism is sharpest, the Reagan Administration has almost invariably come down on the statist side. The Administration sought to place sharp restrictions on the Freedom of Information Act, including a blanket exemption for the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., and tried to impose a lifetime censorship agreement on government officials, obliging them to submit books, articles, and speeches for "pre-publication review." Finally, in staking out his positions on "social issues" (organized group prayer in the public schools, abortion), Mr. Reagan got government off our backs—and attached it firmly to our fronts.

IN FOREIGN POLICY, Mr. Reagan has done much better. If he has had no spectacular successes on the order of President Nixon's opening to China or President Carter's Camp David accords, neither has he had spectacular failures on the order of President Kennedy's Bay of Pigs or Mr. Carter's Iran. And Mr. Reagan can count some achievements of a less showy but not less important character. He has consolidated the rebuilding of America's defenses to the point where that strengthening is certain to continue for the foreseeable future, no matter who is President. In the face of a concerted Soviet campaign of intimidation, he held the Atlantic alliance together and turned the crisis over the installation of American Pershing and cruise missiles into a political victory for the United States. And he dispelled the post-Vietnam jinx on the successful use of American military force. The invasion of Grenada not only left the people of that island indisputably freer and safer than they were before the troops landed, it also made the salutary announcement to the world that the United States is once again prepared to use force when it deems the cause necessary and just.

Mr. Reagan's foreign policy has been ideologically but

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not strategically coherent. The President has been guided by a few clear inclinations—a belief in military strength, a vigilant suspicion of the Soviet Union, an emphasis on the East-West dimension of every conflict—that have served him and the nation reasonably well. But he and his advisers seem to have no real sense of how to turn those inclinations into a strategy that unfolds over time. Their policies have been more reactive than creative. They often fail to read a situation in the context of its own history, the botched "peacekeeping" fiasco in Lebanon being the most prominent example, albeit one the opposition misread even more. Sometimes, as in Central America (that graveyard of hopes), they have too much faith in military methods and too little use for diplomatic ones. And they undertook the buildup of America's armed forces with no strategic sense at all—and with no idea at all that there may be a limit beyond which the Pentagon can productively soak up cash.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

We do not share the anxieties of those who worry that Soviet-American relations have deteriorated to the point of real danger. On the contrary, the relationship is less apt to explode into confrontation today than it has been for some years—though this is due at least as much to the Soviet leaders' current preoccupation with problems inside their imperium as to the Reagan Administration's intermittent firmness. Nor do we place the blame for the dismal state of arms control negotiations entirely on the Administration. It was the Russians, after all, who walked out at Geneva.

But we do have serious questions about the Administration's management of the arms control process. Before he became President, Mr. Reagan opposed every arms control treaty from the atmospheric test ban treaty onward. In office, he disowned SALT II even while observing its provisions; rejected Ambassador Paul Nitze's "walk in the woods" compromise on intermediate-range nuclear forces even before the Russians had a chance to do the same; and suspended the comprehensive test ban negotiations just as they were on the verge of success. Unless you count the enthusiasts of "star wars" anti-missile defense, there are no romantics, no *naïfs* among the arms control policymakers of the Reagan Administration. But neither are there any serious and schooled practitioners of the difficult art of making such agreements. The President is woefully ignorant of the subject, and there is no Kissingerian figure with the authority to knock heads and the expertise to know a plausible deal when he sees one.

Meanwhile, arms control policy is paralyzed by a standoff between second-level officials—between hawks like Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt, who sees arms control as a useful secondary tool in managing both U.S.-Soviet and U.S.-European relations, and super-hawks like Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, who sees it as a snare and a delusion that can only sap the West's will to resist Soviet expansionism. Perhaps the stalemate would be broken—in Mr. Burt's favor, we would hope—in a second term. We don't for a moment doubt that Mr. Reagan is sincere in wanting, as he told the U.N. General Assembly on September 24, "a future without the antagonisms of the past." But his sincerity is not at issue.

Beyond the specifics of programs and policies, there remains the effect of Mr. Reagan's four years on the American spirit. His admirers point to a mood of optimism, an upsurge in national morale, a rebirth of patriotism. And indeed, a swing away from the guilt-ridden malaise of the '70s was both inevitable and desirable. But the Reagan version of feeling good about America contains a heavy dose of I've-got-mine self-satisfaction. His new patriotism doesn't include everybody. He didn't start the trend toward a society divided between increasingly smug haves and increasingly alienated have-nots, but his policies have accelerated it. More important—and more damning—his ideology and his very personality have sanctified it. Mr. Reagan has proved that a little sociopolitical callousness doesn't mean you can't be seen as a heck of a nice guy. His political success

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depends on convincing the scores of millions of voters in the broad middle class that their interests lie entirely with the interests of the people above them on the social and economic scale and not at all with the interests of those below. Eventually there will be a price to pay for this undermining of social solidarity. It's morning in America, say the Reagan ads. Maybe. But there will be a morning after.

So the best argument for Mr. Mondale is Mr. Reagan—and not just the record of the past four years but the prospect of what might be done in the next four. The President has no real agenda of his own for a second term. The two principal goals of his Administration, cutting taxes and boosting defense spending, have been reached. Despite his amazing youthfulness, he is not a young man. He would be nearly 80 at the end of his Presidency, and as a man approaches that age he seldom becomes more energetic, more creative, or more flexible. From now on the tune will be called increasingly by the Republican Party we saw on display at the Dallas convention—"all those beautiful white people," as Nancy Reagan once described a similar gathering. During the first term the Administration kept Jerry Falwell & Co. off its back by giving nominal support to a series of improbable constitutional amendments; in a second term the religious right will not be so easily appeased. (See "The Righteous Empire," by Sidney Blumenthal, page 18.) Five members of the Supreme Court are 75 years old or older. Mr. Reagan has pledged that their successors, if he appoints them, will be "pro-life"—that is, committed to recriminalizing abortion. TRB reports in this issue ("Old-Fashioned Courtship," page 6) that Reagan campaign spokesmen are saying that the new Court will not stop at throwing out *Roe* v. *Wade* but will get briskly on with reversing the law on defendants' rights, equality for women, and one person-one vote; even if it doesn't get that bad, it'll get bad enough. Maybe in some complicated way the country needed a dose of Reaganism. If so, we've had—such as it is—the best. We don't need the rest.

OUR ENDORSEMENT of Mr. Mondale is ungrudging but not without reservations. (This journal always has reservations.) If we have no wish to be ruled by the party of Dallas, neither are we enamored of the party of San Francisco. The Jesse Jackson campaign left the Democrats bruised and morally compromised by the brush with anti-Semitism. The caucus mentality—Democrats as gays, women, blacks, Hispanics, Jews, unionists, anything but just Democrats—still holds the party in thrall, a problem the new "fairness commission" that is to rewrite the rules yet again will almost certainly aggravate. Party leaders who know better are obliged to make ritual obeisance to a foreign policy orthodoxy steeped in abhorrence for the exercise of power, especially American power. And the nominee for Vice President is less qualified to be President than a nominee for Vice President ought to be. Moreover, the imbroglio over her family finances robbed her party of an issue—the Reagan "sleaze factor"—that might have been a powerful one, especially now that a member of a President's cabinet has for the first time in American history been indicted while in office, whatever the merits of the indictment of that especially sleazy man may be. Geraldine Ferraro has played her role to the limits of her capacity; she is an attractive person and a doughty campaigner. But a distinguished "first" is more apt to be followed promptly by a second and a third, and so to become no longer remarkable, which is the whole idea. We wish Ms. Ferraro were more distinguished.

WE ARE convinced that Walter Mondale would be a good President. True, he tends to sound like a put-upon schoolteacher begging a classroom full of incorrigibles to quiet down. But he does not remotely begin to deserve the political fragging that has been his fate in this campaign. He is a calm, stable man of decent instincts and humane, consistent principles. He is an admirable product of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor tradition of optimistic assertiveness at home and abroad. In a number of meaningful ways he is actually more experienced than his opponent—an unusual claim for a challenger to be able to make against an incumbent. Walter Mondale's knowledge and understanding—of the world and its history, of foreign countries and peoples, of American law and government, of the federal bureaucracy—is unquestionably broader and deeper than Ronald Reagan's. Admittedly, Mr. Mondale could never hope to carry off the kingly side of the Presidency with Mr. Reagan's panache. But he would be ten times the prime minister Mr. Reagan is.

The Democratic candidate has been faulted *ad nauseam* for the alleged technical ineptitude of his campaign. We think he rather deserves to be praised for its substance. In speeches, forums, news conferences, and interviews, he has talked seriously about serious issues. He has talked about the real world, taking account of its complexity and ambiguity and conscientiously offering plans and policies to address its problems. He has told the middle class that their taxes must rise, an act of unusual political courage; he has presented a new Central America policy that is tough but flexible (and at odds with many in his own party); he has taken the difficult, and responsible, position of calling for a strong defense and increased defense spending (again, antagonizing his party's activist wing), while at the same time advocating prudence and selectivity in the acquisition of weapons and in their ultimate use. Mr. Mondale's campaign is a model of good citizenship. And the other fellow's? Asked by ABC's Sam Donaldson the other day to comment on something or other, Ronald Reagan inadvertently summed up the nature of the Republican appeal. "Sam," said the President in an irritated tone, "this is a photo opportunity."

Although Mr. Mondale has been baited as a "wimp"—that cruel and ugly term—his most striking personal characteristic during this campaign has been his steely nerve. Each time he has suffered some crushing political blow, whether before his nomination or after, he has picked

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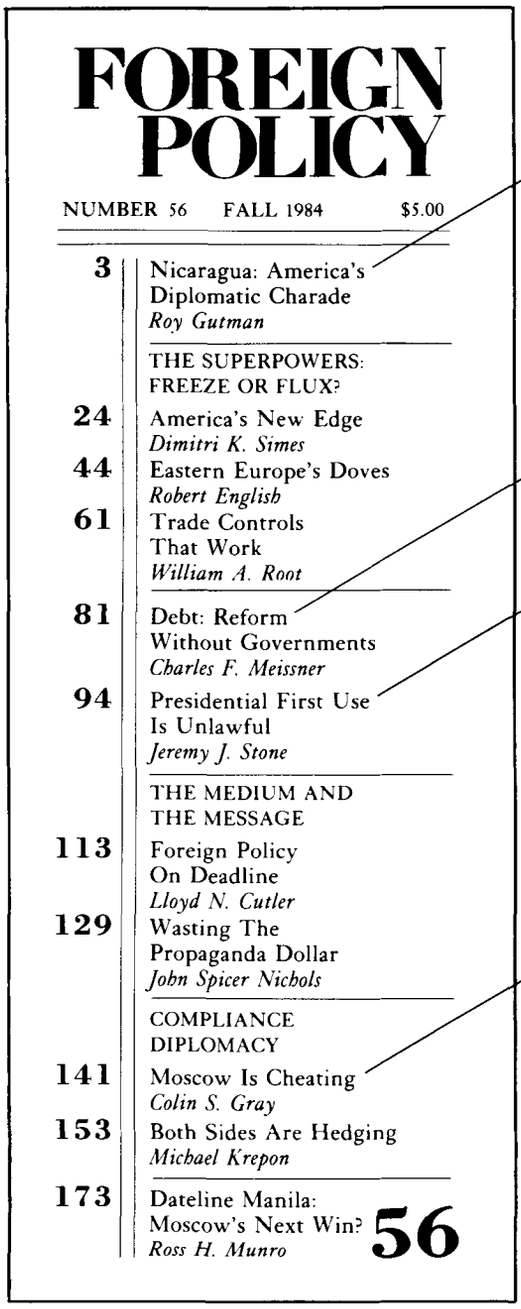

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himself up and come back fighting with more energy and determination than before. What has he been fighting for? He has been notoriously unable to "articulate a vision," in the columnists' stock phrase. But there is a vision implicit in his whole public career, a vision of a secure and compassionate society in which liberty is guaranteed and opportunity and education are open to all. In the end that's why he stands up again when they knock him down, and in the end that's why we're for him.

Realignment this time?

THE BIG SWING

FOR YEARS NOW, political scientists and politicians have been eagerly awaiting a great realignment of America's political parties—an event such as occurred in 1828, 1860, 1896, and 1932, when popular loyalty swung decisively from one party to another, making it dominant for a generation or more. The wait for a surge from Democratic to Republican rule has been going on so long that some of the foremost prophets of realignment have decided it isn't going to happen after all, that de-alignment—the breakup of both parties—is the destiny of American politics. But this year realignment talk is in the air again, produced by anticipation of another landslide victory by President Reagan. Is it finally going to happen? Well, this time the Republicans have a real chance, but as in the past they may blow it.

The situation is complicated by misunderstanding about the nature of realignment and de-alignment. Journalists, especially, tend to expect realignment to arrive like a tornado on the first Tuesday in November in a Presidential election year, and by the next morning to have left the political landscape unmistakably altered. In fact, only one of the nation's four previous realignments took place suddenly and completely—William McKinley's Republican triumph of 1896, which was brought on by the Panic of 1893 and the capture of the Democratic Party by William Jennings Bryan and the easy-money populists who scared the wits out of the business community. All the other realignments have occurred gradually and fitfully, as political scientists have established in the vast literature on the subject written in anticipation of the newest coming. The Democratic Party dominance established by Andrew Jackson began breaking up over slavery a decade before Abraham Lincoln won the Presidency in 1860. The seeds of the New Deal realignment could be seen in Al Smith's losing campaign in 1928, and F.D.R. didn't put the Democrats fully in charge of the country until 1936, after he had endorsed the Wagner Act and brought working people decisively to his side.

The New Deal coalition, as everybody knows, has been decaying for twenty years now. The Solid South left first, going over to Barry Goldwater in 1964 after John F.Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson committed the Democratic Party to racial integration. L.B.J. calculated that the Democrats could make up in newly enfranchised blacks what they lost in southern whites, but it hasn't worked out that way. The only Democrat to carry the South in the last five Presidential elections was Georgia's Jimmy Carter in 1976, and Jesse Jackson's voter registration efforts this year are not likely to change the tide of history for Walter Mondale.

Another wave of defections has occurred among northern whites—especially ethnics and Catholics—over race, social issues, and foreign policy. It was on the basis of this shift, plus that of the South, that Kevin Phillips argued after the 1968 election that Richard Nixon's vote (43.4 percent) plus George Wallace's (13.5 percent) represented the makings of *The Emerging Republican Majority*. The majority hasn't yet emerged—Phillips now thinks it won't—but the 1968 results contain a cautionary reminder for Democrats in 1984. Those who think that Walter Mondale will be doing well to pull "a Hubert Humphrey" and roar back into contention this year forget that Humphrey only polled 42.7 percent of the popular vote; had Wallace not been in the race, the chances are that Nixon would have collected most of his vote and trounced Humphrey.

IN SPITE OF the Vietnam protest movement, social chaos, and the 1972 McGovern debacle, the Republicans failed to forge a new conservative governing coalition for three reasons: Watergate, the 1974-75 recession, and the Democrats' nomination of a moderate southerner in 1976. According to public opinion analyst William Schneider of the American Enterprise Institute, working-class voters stuck with their old party primarily because it continued promising to protect them from economic adversity. But by 1980 Carter had failed them in that, and they defected to Ronald Reagan. They wavered during the 1982 recession, but with the current recovery they have returned to Reagan in force. This may only be out of personal attachment to Reagan, or it may be more lasting. For the first time since it began asking the question in 1951, the Gallup poll this month found that 50 percent of the American people believe that the Republican Party does a better job of maintaining prosperity. The Democrats, consistently viewed for decades as the nation's prosperity party, now is seen in that light by only 33 percent of the electorate.

To some this only suggests that the 1980 election represented a return to the historical trend begun in 1964 and 1968, but interrupted in 1976, and that another smashing Reagan victory this year will seal realignment. However, members of the de-alignment school point to several contrary indicators. Polls over the past thirty years show no grand shift from Democratic loyalty to Republican, but rather a gradual drain from both parties to "independent." In 1952, according to University of Michigan researchers, 47 percent of voters called themselves Democrats, compared to 27 percent Republicans and 22 percent independent; in 1982 the figures were 44, 24, and

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30. Even the latest *Washington Post*-ABC poll shows 39 percent Democrats, 26 percent Republicans, and independents up to 34 percent.

In the classic realignment pattern, President Reagan carried in a Republican Senate with him in 1980. Contrary to the pattern, he failed to carry the House and lost twenty-six seats there in 1982. At the state level, there has been no Republican trend at all. Democrats control thirty-five governorships and seventy-one of the nation's ninety-nine state legislative houses. The de-alignment school believes that television, direct mail, and other modern campaign techniques have made party loyalty a secondary factor in determining how people vote, and have put primary importance either on candidate charisma or ideology.

AND YET something new may be stirring in the electorate this year—the startling inclination of young people to favor not only Ronald Reagan, but possibly the Republican Party as well. Classically, realignments occur not only because voter groups switch party allegiance, but because huge numbers of new voters—in 1932 it was immigrants and workers—join the electorate for the first time, swelling overall turnout from its meager level of the preceding de-alignment period. This year there is a possibility that the baby boom generation will be out in force, all 75 million souls of it, or one-third of the electorate. Up to now voters under 40 have been turning out in numbers far below their proportion of the population (only 35 percent of all 18- to 24-year-olds turned out in 1980, for example). Republicans hope, and Democrats fear, that this year may be different.

According to a new Yankelovich survey in *Time* magazine, 18- to 24-year-olds represent Reagan's strongest age group: 63 percent say they support him, compared to 18 percent who support Walter Mondale. The survey showed that 25- to 34-year-olds favor Reagan by 56 percent to 24 percent. A survey conducted this summer by Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, indicated that a plurality of voters over 25 years old consider themselves Democrats; but under 25, Republicans outnumber Democrats 46 percent to 30 percent. CBS-*New York Times* polling over the course of this year suggests that among 25- to 29-year-olds, Democrats outnumber Republicans by only 36 percent to 30 percent, whereas four years ago the margin was 44 percent to 19 percent.

The Reagan campaign is making an all-out effort to attract young voters and disaffected Democrats, but aides say they will not decide until mid-October whether to have the President openly appeal for a Republican Congress to help him push through his program. Except at party events, the President practically never utters the word "Republican." He refers so often to Democrats—F.D.R., Harry Truman, John F. Kennedy, and Hubert Humphrey especially—that one might think he'd never left his former party.

Campaign strategists admit that Reagan is not running a programmatic campaign of the type that appeals to columnists and the League of Women Voters. "It's pure puffery, yes," one aide admitted, "but it's important puffery. A society's sense of its own well-being—its morale—ultimately is more important than the specific programs that a candidate puts forward." The kind of puffery that the 73-year-old Reagan dishes up to young people is marvelously concocted. It's future-oriented, progressive, idealistic, and even irreverent. Whereas Walter Mondale often comes off as a scolding school marm, Reagan recites his accomplishments and declares, "You ain't seen nothing yet." Like the yuppie hero, Gary Hart, Reagan is forever representing his ideas as "new" and Mondale's as "old" and "tired." He promises "high tech, not high taxes," "confidence instead of malaise . . . excellence instead of failure." One aide claims, "we are not appealing to youth on the basis of materialism, but through the Olympic spirit—'go for the gold!' doesn't mean money; it means, 'you tell me the standard and I'll beat it.' It's the spirit of pioneers and immigrants. It's optimistic, youthful—adolescent, in fact."

Reagan campaign officials figure that whether or not the President makes a bid for a Republican House of Representatives, the best he can expect is to gain back the twenty-six seats lost in 1982. This would again give him the working ideological majority he used to push through his tax and spending cuts in 1981. Some other Republican strategists say they now expect a pickup of twenty to twenty-five seats, but that if Reagan can clobber Mondale by a margin of 16 to 20 points, they might win thirty-five or forty seats. Democratic Congressional campaign officials say the worst they expect to do is lose ten seats, although a few Democratic strategists privately assert that a Mondale collapse could result in a fifty-five-seat loss and deliver political control of the House to the Republicans for the first time since 1954. The Senate now seems certain to remain comfortably in Republican hands, so it's remotely possible that this time we could really have realignment.

Or could we? Real realignment necessitates more than a partisan wipeout in one or two elections. It requires that a party attain more or less stable control over the government for a generation. For this to happen, two things must transpire. First, Reaganomics has to succeed in providing long-term prosperity. If it instead produces another deep recession next year, voters are likely to turn with a vengeance on the President and his party in 1986. Second, the Republican Party must express the values of the baby boom generation. Polls indicate that both halves of the baby boom group—college-educated yuppies and working-class kids—are economically conservative right now. On social issues, though, they tend to be permissive if not libertarian. The President might hold young people if he appointed a moderate—say, Howard Baker—to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but it's hard to see how a Republican Party under the influence of Jerry Falwell and the anti-abortion lobby could do so. If the Republicans fail once again to take advantage of their opportunity, perhaps the Democrats can bounce back.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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In economic policy, dithering triumphs over boldness.

REVENGE OF THE DEMOCRATIC NERDS

BY ROBERT KUTTNER

SOMETHING IS dreadfully wrong with the way the Democratic Party and Walter Mondale have defined economic issues in the 1984 campaign. Their main campaign proposal is a budget document, an unlikely manifesto in any event. All budget documents reflect intricate compromise and numbing detail. This particular proposal is one part big deficit reduction, one part small tax reform, and one part shifted spending priorities—a bit more civilian and a bit less military. But to the extent that a theme is evident at all, the theme in bold type is FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The trouble is that the Democrats have let the deficit issue become the only economic issue. There is little bold or imaginative in the entire program; plenty of egalitarian rhetoric—and nothing to rouse the Democratic constituency but austerity. One might think Mondale were running for Director of the Office of Management and Budget.

In this respect, the Democrats have quite vindicated Milton Friedman's stratagem of starving liberalism into submission. Cut federal tax receipts enough, said Friedman, and there will be no money for expenditures. The Reagan military spending spree, which the Democrats accept as the new starting point, only tightens the fiscal noose. To be sure, some deficit reduction will be necessary economics in the mid-1980s, but as a campaign theme it serves no Democratic voters save for a few economists.

It is worthwhile to consider how the party of Roosevelt got itself into this fix. The budgetary obsession has something to do with Walter Mondale's famous caution, but Mondale himself explains only a small part of the revenge of the fiscal nerds. The deeper problem is a terrible asymmetry between the intellectual resources and ideological energy of left and right. The campaign is advertised as the clearest choice in fifty years, but the debate is between a stirring vision of a "conservative opportunity society" on the right, and a green eyeshade mentality in the center.

Mondale's closest fiscal advisers are survivors of the Carter Administration. The most influential of these is W. Bowman Cutter, a man with an appropriate surname. Cutter, now a partner in the accounting firm of Coopers and Lybrand, was Carter's deputy director of O.M.B. Cutter began urging deep spending cuts in 1978. He is convinced that Carter lost the 1980 election mainly because the more liberal wing of the party blocked Cutter's efforts to cut deeper. Thus budget balancing as the Democrats' campaign centerpiece has become for Cutter a matter of personal vindication as well as ideological conviction.

Cutter's advice to Mondale is reinforced by another Mondale adviser, Stuart Eizenstat, formerly Carter's domestic policy chief. Eizenstat is a more complex case, for when he is playing the role of idea man, he is a fount of fresh thinking and liberal ideals. A recent Eizenstat paper written with his former White House colleague William Spring is a superb call for a change of direction in federal manpower strategies. But for Eizenstat too, fiscal responsibility crowds out other themes.

Like Cutter, Eizenstat urged Mondale to include in his budget plan a flat one-year freeze on spending. This was overruled, in deference to the infamous special interests, who persuaded Mondale to propose restoring $30 billion in domestic spending, less than half of what Reagan cut. "The constituency groups that drive the nominating process and have disproportionate influence within the party continue to be out of step with the prevailing public and Congressional sentiment," Eizenstat believes. "The perception in Congress is that demands have outstripped government capacity and that federal programs haven't worked." The Democratic Party should not abandon its historic commitments to serving the disposessed, Eizenstat says, but "Until we can convince a majority of voters that we can be trusted fiscally, we're never going to get back into power to do anything about poverty."

If these themes have a vaguely familiar cadence, it is the death rattle of the late Carter Administration. Eizenstat made much the same case in his address of January 4, 1979, to the Women's National Democratic Club, signaling that lowered expectations were necessitated by the new "era of constraints." But surely times have changed. Ronald Reagan has proven that immense deficits are compatible with low inflation and political popularity, at least in the short run. The Carter veterans advising Mondale that austerity is good politics are generals fighting the last war.

For expert confirmation that austerity is necessary economics, the Mondale camp need only look to the Democratic Party's unofficial economic think tank, the Brookings Institution. Brookings is not quite sure what sort of pose to maintain. By default, it serves as the party's policy shop. It has something close to a permanent seat on the Council of

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Robert Kuttner is a TNR contributing editor. He used to alternate his byline between Bob (for articles) and Robert (for books, the latest of which is the just-published *The Economic Illusion: False Choices Between Prosperity and Social Justice*), but henceforth he will be Robert.

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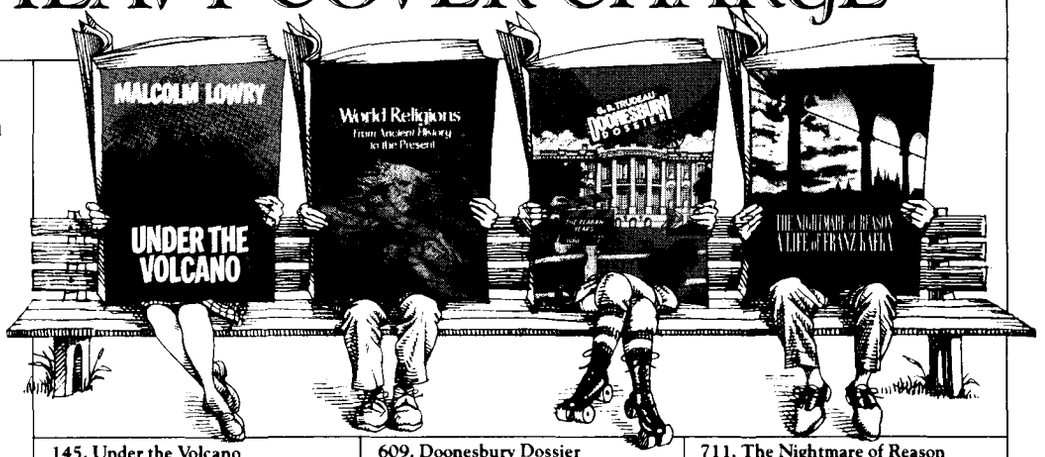

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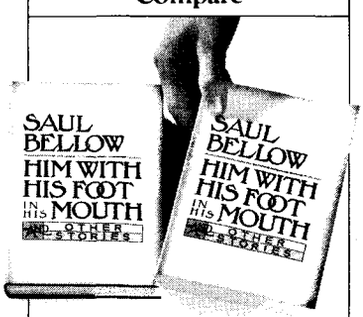

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Economic Advisors of any Democratic President. The late Arthur Okun, Lyndon Johnson's C.E.A. chairman, was a Brookings man. Likewise Charles Schultze, who held the same job under Jimmy Carter. Alice Rivlin, whom the Democratic majority named the first director of the Congressional Budget Office in 1974, is now back at Brookings as Director of Economic Studies. And George Perry, a leading Brookings macroeconomist, is widely considered the leading candidate to chair the C.E.A., in the unlikely event that Walter Mondale is elected.

But Brookings eschews any explicit partisan or ideological role. In sharp contrast to the sense of mission evident at places like the American Enterprise Institute, the Heritage Foundation, and the Hoover Institution, Brookings' self-image is that of an elite and erudite graduate school, free of graduate students and free of ideological taint.

Brookings was founded in 1927, and in the 1950s and 1960s it was a moderately liberal voice of neo-Keynesian economics, compassionate social programs, and mild income redistribution. On an older set of issues where the liberal position is fairly settled, Brookings is still resolutely progressive. For example, Martha Derthick, now the Director of Governmental Studies, and Henry Aaron, a senior fellow, are probably the nation's leading scholarly defenders of Social Security.

HOWEVER, on a newer set of issues, which would frame a national economic debate if there were one, Brookings tacks to the right. One could summarize a "Brookings view": markets usually work; public planning cannot improve outcomes; full employment breeds unacceptable inflation; trade unions are more a problem than a solution; too much equality harms efficiency; no serious structural problems afflict American industry; and above all, the only serious economic problem in the 1980s is macroeconomic imbalance—loose budgets and tight money. In the past year, Brookings' only crusading stance was its attack on the idea of industrial policy, a project in which Brookings made common cause with Heritage and A.E.I.

These positions, of course, are a coherent set of economic views that might fairly be described as moderately conservative. But they are neither a match for, nor a politically convincing alternative to, the Reagan vision.

For example, the annual 1984 Brookings budget volume, *Economic Choices 1984*, edited by Alice Rivlin, is an astonishingly conservative document. (Rivlin succeeded Joseph Pechman, a tireless and persuasive advocate of progressive taxation, who is now semi-retired.) Brookings goes well beyond Mondale's goal of reducing the deficit by two-thirds, and calls for a virtually balanced budget by 1989. Though a deficit in the current range of 5 to 6 percent of G.N.P. cannot be sustained indefinitely, there is no reason why a deficit of 2 percent of G.N.P. is unreasonable. The difference between a 2 percent deficit and the 0.4 percent deficit Brookings advocates is about $60 billion of social programs and economic stimulation. After all, the national debt as a fraction of G.N.P. after World War II was more than double that projected for the late 1980s, yet it ushered in a period of unprecedented growth and prosperity.

The report calls for a spending freeze for 1985, and "additional cuts in domestic spending must be considered as part of the effort to reduce the deficit further after 1985 and to contribute to the goal of budget balance in the 1990s." About the only thing missing from this chapter is an endorsement of the balanced budget amendment to the Constitution. Brookings exempts from its cuts only means-test programs for the certifiably poor, which it says should be maintained at the 1982 level.

Another chapter, "Adjusting to Economic Change," is mistitled. The message, which draws heavily on the work of Brookings economist Robert Z. Lawrence, is that little adjustment is necessary. Lawrence argues that the apparent erosion of the U.S. competitive position is largely illusory, mostly the temporary result of an overvalued dollar, and in any event, that if we are losing market share in autos, steel, and other industries, this is simply the global free market doing its work.

Interestingly, Lawrence's conclusion is at odds with a study of various world industries soon to be released by the Harvard Business School. That study, *U.S. Competitiveness in the World Economy*, concludes, "For fifteen years, the United States has been losing its capacity to compete in the world economy," not because of "favorable endowments of natural resources on the part of competitors, but from coherent national strategies through which each country mobilizes and shapes its productive capacities to achieve economic growth and global competitiveness." In other words, foreign nations are prospering via economic planning of the sort Brookings says can't succeed.

The real clincher, however, is the chapter on tax reform. Brookings, long an advocate of comprehensive income taxation, now promotes consumption tax. The idea is that all income saved or invested would be exempt from taxation. This, in effect, takes the I.R.A. loophole and universalizes it. Although Brookings proposes to preserve a graduated rate schedule, there is no way for a consumption tax to be effectively progressive, since it permits wealth accumulation to escape taxation entirely. Under the plan, an investor who earned a million dollars and managed to spend only $100,000 of it, would pay no income tax on the $900,000 he socked away in the bank.

Worst of all, Brookings justifies this approach on the theory that the U.S. economy suffers from a shortage of savings—although it acknowledges that the real culprit is federal borrowing, not insufficient private savings. Upon publication of this document, *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page ran a gleeful column with the all-too-appropriate headline, BROOKINGS JOINS THE SUPPLY SIDE. Brookings' tilt to the right reflects the departure from the scene of an older, bolder generation of liberals who had faith in the public sector, in redistribution, and in occasional deficits. Brookings' austerity economics embodies the deepening conservatism of neoclassical economists generally. Charles Schultze says with some professional pride that "There is little difference between Republican C.E.A.s and Democratic ones on most issues."

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Brookings' stance also has something subtle to do with its sources of funding. Brookings gets only about $2.2 million of its $12- to $13 million operating budget from its endowment. The rest comes from foundation grants, government contracts, and from corporate donations which are surprisingly similar to the funding sources of A.E.I. or Hoover. Here are just half the ones that begin with the letter A: ALCOA, ABC, American Can Co., American Cyanamid, American Express, AMF, Atlantic Richfield, and AT&T.

Brookings' conservative influence on the Democratic Party reinforces an intellectual hegemony which runs from the newly energized business community, the economics profession, the right-wing think tanks, Peter G. Peterson's "Bipartisan Budget Coalition," right into the heart of the Mondale campaign. There is in the intellectual right a feel for networking and pamphleteering which has no counterpart on the left. There are, of course, individual economists like Lester Thurow, Robert Lekachman, Robert Heilbroner, Bennett Harrison, and Barry Bluestone who advocate a more venturesome approach. But unlike the supply-side right and the austerity-minded center, these are mostly lone wolves, without the networks, the journals, the research institutes and graduate assistants, or the ongoing links to the political arena that add up to real institutional influence. Nor has the A.F.L.-C.I.O. translated its political outlays into serious intellectual combat. Although they are considered fellow constituents of the same liberal coalition, Brookings and the labor movement are barely on speaking terms.

IT IS CONSTRUCTIVE to contrast Brookings with the American Council for Capital Formation, a group that might be considered the politburo of the supply-side movement. Revealing artifacts in their latest newsletter include a report on the Council's Road Show Project. In recent months, council chairman and founding genius Charls Walker gave editorial briefings for *Fortune*, *Business Week*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, *National Journal*, *Congressional Quarterly*, the *Houston Post*, the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, and the *Arizona Republic*. That's ideological marketing. Elsewhere in the newsletter Walker interviews himself on the subject of consumption taxation. A flat income tax or a Brookings-style consumption tax wouldn't be bad, he says, but Walker's first choice is a $300 billion-a-year national sales tax.

But the most revealing artifact is Walker's board of directors. It includes not just the usual corporate suspects, but such prominent Democratic luminaries as Edward Bennett Williams, former House Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman, Clark Clifford, and former party chairman Robert Strauss. It seems like everybody's for capital formation. Clifford and Strauss, you will recall, recently organized a panel of party elders to advise the faltering Mondale campaign. What sort of advice are they giving?

Democrats are locked into their austerity straitjacket by an intellectual and financial consensus—one which is fiercely bipartisan and which makes it impossible to serve the party's own natural constituency, the nonrich. A good indication of the bankruptcy of this posture was the stillborn debate about industrial policy. Advocates of an industrial policy bent over backwards to declare that they, too, believed in free markets. A whole set of euphemisms was invented. They did not want to "pick winners," only to "accelerate transitions"; they were not advocating planning, only "tri-partite bargaining." Nobody was bold enough to say, "Dammit, this is economic planning we are talking about."

The issue is who plans the future of a mixed political economy—whether economic planning occurs to serve private purposes or public ones. If the nation wants a competitive steel industry, that will probably mean fewer steelworkers. How do we reconcile a competitive industry with plenty of high-wage jobs? Where will the jobs come from as physical production requires fewer human workers? What will this do to unions? What is the real social goal? Full employment? Profitable industry? How shall we underwrite the social costs of these transitions?

But that debate was never had. Instead, industrial policy was boiled down to a proposal for a feeble public sector investment bank. The plan was designed by a task force headed by an industrialist (Irving Shapiro), an investment banker (Felix Rohatyn), and a trade unionist (Lane Kirkland) whose movement is crumbling beneath him and who was willing to take anything he could get. Not surprisingly, the great industrial policy debate ended with a whimper. The public bank was universally denounced as a political nonstarter. If we indeed believe in the market, how can a federal bureaucrat possibly know more about investment opportunities than Merrill Lynch? Most industries didn't even want that sort of help. They only wanted more tax relief. The Democratic advocates of industrial policy were in the position of the eager Boy Scout trying to escort the little old lady who didn't want to cross the street.

THERE IS A very real danger that the economic policy debates of the late 1980s will leave liberals on the sidelines altogether. The tax debate will not be about tax equity, but about what kind of consumption tax to pass—the Brookings version or Charlie Walker's sales tax. We are almost certain to get a debate about how best to lower wages and social outlays in the name of competitiveness: whether to take the Reagan route and let the free market do the trick, with a little help from the right-to-work National Labor Relations Board, or to follow the Harvard Business School approach and cut wages as part of an explicit strategy of business-oriented mercantilism. Shall we cut social programs as a matter of ideological conviction, Reagan style, or only as a fiscal imperative, Brookings fashion?

There is a budgetary imbalance all right. It is an imbalance of intellectual and ideological resources, in which, as Yeats said, "the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." If the Democratic ticket goes down this year, it should go down fighting for social justice and economic possibility, not for austerity. □

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A short history of the end of history, and maybe even of the G.O.P.

THE RIGHTEOUS EMPIRE

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

"WE THANK YOU, Father, for the leadership of President Ronald Reagan." With this prayer of thanksgiving, the Reverend James Robison opened the 1984 Republican National Convention. Robison, a New Right evangelist with a syndicated television show emanating from nearby Fort Worth, has met with the President frequently over the past years. In being allowed to bless the convention, Robison himself received the blessing of the Republican Party. He is a man of unequivocal opinions. An anti-Semite, he has said, "is someone who hates Jews more than he's supposed to." And: "The non-Christian can't understand spiritual things." After Robison draped the Republican delegates with the mantle of divine election, the chosen party proceeded with its predestined agenda.

On the fourth night, the anointed President delivered his acceptance speech, and then bowed his head for the benediction, intoned by the convention's final speaker, the Reverend W. A. Criswell, pastor of the immense First Baptist Church of Dallas. This was not Criswell's first campaign. In 1960 he was foremost among those assailing John F. Kennedy because he was a Catholic. "Can a Man be a Loyal Roman Catholic and a Good President of the United States?" was the title of a Criswell pamphlet. The answer, emphatically, was no. The Catholic Church, he declared, was "a political tyranny." And Kennedy's election would "spell the death of a free church in a free state." Now, standing next to President Reagan, he armed the Republicans with moral righteousness.

Robison's and Criswell's prominence at the Republican Convention was not a testament to the negligence of the convention's organizers. The Dallas affair was the most tightly controlled party event in years, scripted word for word from beginning to end, and approved by the White House, the Reagan-Bush Committee, and the Republican National Committee. Robison's and Criswell's elevation to the honored party pulpit was a testament to the rise of the evangelical New Right. "It was not at all surprising," said a former Presidential assistant, Morton Blackwell, who served as Reagan's liaison to the religious groups and the conservative movement through early 1984. "It made perfect sense."

On the morning of the convention's last day, Reagan attended a prayer breakfast, hosted by Criswell, at which he pronounced politics and religion "inseparable." Walter Mondale seized on Reagan's declaration, making the separation of church and state the first major issue of the campaign. The debate was abstract and philosophical. But the motivating force behind this controversy is something that is not abstract: the evangelical New Right, a political elite that has been transformed in less than a decade from an almost irrelevant fringe into a centerpiece of the conservative movement. The movement evangelicals have a far-flung organizational and communications network, a uniquely compelling ideology, and thousands of trained, committed cadre. Unlike other religionists, from Billy Graham to the Catholic bishops, who place some demarcation line between religion and politics, the movement evangelicals quite deliberately refuse to distinguish between the flag and the cross, a position encapsulated in their notion of America as a "Christian nation."

Because of their centrality in conservative movement politics, the President, who considers himself at least as much a movement figure as a party leader, has been unwilling to distance himself from them. Throughout his first term, he has briefed them, encouraged them, deployed White House resources to coordinate them, and thereby magnified them. It may not be the establishment of religion, but it is certainly the cultivation of cults. Reagan is using the evangelical New Right apparatus to register millions of new voters, who may give him decisive margins of victory in southern states. And on one issue—abortion, on which the movement evangelicals have made an unlikely alliance with the Catholic hierarchy—the President has made a solid promise in exchange for their support. At private meetings at the White House with conservative militants he has pledged that he will appoint Supreme Court Justices who will act to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, thus recriminalizing abortion. His pledge has been reiterated by the Republican platform. It's hardly a secret; it's a certainty.

Reagan regards the evangelical New Right as an auxiliary force, a division of Christian soldiers in the conservative army. But their goals extend beyond his finite career. When he goes, they stay. As Reagan has said: "You ain't seen nothing yet." They can see past the second term to the Second Coming. They have a conception of history's end. The present is merely the period of pre-tribulation tribulations. What follows are the real troubles, then the Rapture, when the born-again are physically whisked up to heaven in time to avoid Armageddon, the ultimate battle between good (us) and evil (them, the evil empire),

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which will clear the air and usher in Christ's return. In preparing for the universal apocalypse, the movement evangelicals are eagerly pursuing an ideological apocalypse. The business of soul winning has become the politics of takeover. The evangelical New Right, for example, has systematically seized control of the leadership of the Southern Baptist Convention, the largest Protestant sect, with more than 14 million members, altering long-held theological positions for political advantage. And state by state, from Minnesota to Texas, movement evangelicals are succeeding in taking over local Republican organizations. According to Gary Jarmin, director of the evangelical New Right group, Christian Voice, "The Republican Party is a tool."

The appearance of the Reverends Robison, Criswell, and Jerry Falwell at the Republican Convention was a sign to the New Right evangelicals that the party is on the path of political salvation. Their ascending importance is due to the confluence of two long-term trends within the conservative movement: first, the effort of a splinter to move into the mainstream; and second, the effort by conservatives to capture for the Republican Party constituencies motivated by the non-economic "social issue." The Democrats, since at least the New Deal, had been able to unite a coalition of groups as diverse as rural Southern Baptists and urban northern Catholics, mainly by a common economic appeal. Perhaps, conservatives reasoned, it would be possible to undermine both the Democrats and moderate Republicans by shifting various groups into the G.O.P. on a basis other than economics. As it turned out, the evangelical New Right became the hard edge of the "social issue."

IN 1964 the Goldwater campaign managers believed that widespread backlash against the civil rights movement and the burgeoning youth culture could be mobilized on behalf of the Republican candidate. A "documentary" half-hour film called *Choice* was produced, featuring a kaleidoscope of images, including rioting blacks, topless models, and nightclub denizens dancing the twist. A front group, Mothers for a Moral America, was created to act as its sponsor. The film's producer, Rus Walton, said its intent was to "take this latent anger and concern which now exists, build it up, and subtly turn and focus it."

In 1968 George Wallace, and to some extent Richard Nixon, sought to enlist "this latent anger." Kevin Phillips, a young aide to Nixon's campaign manager, John Mitchell, saw the election returns as evidence of a profound political realignment, bred in great part by cultural hatred of Eastern liberalism. Phillips's 1969 book, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, was the first theoretical work on the "social issue." According to Phillips, a "populist revolt" of the recently arrived middle class, driven by resentment of the "mandarins of Establishment liberalism," had sustained Wallace and helped elect Nixon. By playing off ethnic, regional, and cultural polarizations, a new realignment could be forged. This kind of politics also happened to be ideally suited to Nixon's temperament.

On the surface, Phillips's analysis seemed to be an electoral strategy aimed at taking advantage of the harsh tensions of the 1960s and the growing geopolitical strength of the Sunbelt. But on a more immediate and effective level, he offered a factional strategy within the Republican Party for displacing Yankees in the interest of the conservative movement. *The Emerging Republican Majority* was less a party-building plan than an intra-party realignment strategy. Conservatives didn't just want to bring new groups into the party; through another door they drove others out. And by enforcing party rules that tilt against the large states, which are bastions of traditional Republican moderation, participation by Yankees and their potential allies could be reduced.

In 1970 another book on the "social issue" appeared: *The Real Majority*, by Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg. It argued that Democrats had been set on the defensive by the Republicans' manipulation of the "social issue," which they defined as the "more personally frightening aspects of disruptive change." They predicted that voters were moving to the left on economics and to the right on social issues. Therefore, they prescribed that Democratic politicians should appeal to the "unyoung, unpoor, and unblack" by seizing Nixon's thunder: when the going gets tough, the tough get going. Only then would Democrats recapture their straying partisans and thus the center.

The Real Majority was assiduously read by Nixon's political operatives, who tried to appropriate a strategy intended for Democratic usage. The point man for the Republican exploitation of the "social issue" in the 1970 midterm election was Vice President Spiro Agnew, well configured for this task: he was neither Catholic nor Baptist, but a border-state ethnic. He stumped the country, urging "workingmen" to join the "New Majority" against "the pampered prodigies of the radical liberals."

AFTER NIXON'S 1972 landslide he toyed with the notion of changing the name of the Republican Party to the New Majority Party, a reflection of the realignment he was seeking. Watergate, however, intervened; Agnew pleaded *nolo contendere*; and the Presidency fell to a traditional Republican, Gerald Ford. In 1980, after repeated attempts, Ronald Reagan, much more the conservative movement man than either Nixon or Agnew, secured the G.O.P. nomination. Some observers saw him as the one who would use the "social issue" as the method to complete Nixon's work. As the new Administration assumed office in January 1981, the neoconservative essayist Norman Podhoretz, in a *Commentary* article entitled "The New American Majority," argued that Reagan's success was significantly due to a "wave of cultural disgust" at the "new culture" typified by "Gay Lib and abortion." He was "perfect" to "reconstitute the new majority that Nixon had coaxed into emerging but that he had never had a chance to consolidate."

The Reagan political team, however, believed that the Republican Party risked its own destruction to the degree that the "social issue" became prominent. The senior

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White House aides embarked on a journey toward realignment by other means. They decided that just as the Democratic coalition had unified around the economic issue, the Republicans could do the same, and without the debilitating side effects of the "social issue." Moreover, there was little sentiment among the senior staff for a moral crusade, especially on abortion. Even Edwin Meese, the aide closest to the conservative movement, personally (and quietly) favored the pro-choice rather than the anti-abortion position, says a colleague.

A strategy of repressive tolerance was adopted toward the "social issue" and the constituencies aroused by it. According to a senior adviser, the strategy worked like this: the evangelical New Right and its allies rallied followers around constitutional amendments on school prayer and abortion. The White House staff, fearing Republican fragmentation and the galvanizing of new opposition, offered insincere gestures of support while desiring continual frustration. With tacit White House agreement, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker granted time for the various social issues to be ventilated. The bills lost and were sent back into limbo. Any White House aide who seriously tried to keep the "social issue" bills on the front burner also was sent into limbo. For example, Faith Whittlesey, director of the Office of Public Liaison, campaigned fanatically for evangelical New Right goals—even haranguing bewildered corporate executives on tuition tax credits—and quickly became a non-entity. In the meantime, a Presidential assistant, Morton Blackwell, was assigned to look after the constituency, which was to be maintained in a state of perpetual mobilization. The flaw in the strategy was that the White House served as an incubator for the movement it was trying to contain. Reagan, for his part, never wholeheartedly cooperated with the containment strategy; he insisted on encouraging the movement evangelicals whenever he was given the chance. And he sometimes created opportunities, especially photo opportunities, against the advice of his staff.

SPOKESMEN FOR THE evangelical New Right invariably depict their movement as the spontaneously defensive response of traditional folk to the intrusive designs of a liberal elite. To be sure, certain Supreme Court decisions have stirred up a reaction. But movement evangelicals are not simply reacting to the jackboot march of liberalism. Their leadership has ambitiously, deliberately, and aggressively planned their rise to influence for years. This movement is not just another manifestation of historic populism, despite the frequent invocations of Andrew Jackson—who happened to be a radical and vigorous advocate of church-state separation. "Social issue" conservatism's claim to populism is based mostly on wishful history.

Nor is the evangelical New Right in the mainline tradition of evangelism itself. In the eighteenth century, evangelicals believed adamantly that the realms of spirit and state were separate, a principal reason many Baptists fought in the Revolution. They associated the ecclesiastical establishment with the party of the rich and the well-born, an unholy alliance against the individual conscience. In the late-nineteenth century a new strain of evangelism, which came to be called fundamentalism, employed the revival technique to rally the faithful against a corrupting modern society. Fundamentalism stressed a literal interpretation of the Bible, conversion, and warfare against worldly trends. This warfare mainly took the form of separation from the evil world; withdrawal and abstinence was the way to purity. The evangelical New Right is an aberrant and relatively new form of fundamentalism, rooted in anti-Catholicism.

IN THE 1950s, Carl McIntire was an obscure preacher who belonged to a religious denomination he himself had organized. He rode McCarthyism to fame and fortune, combining anti-Catholicism with anticommunism. In communism he discovered an international conspiracy to match his conception of what he labeled "the harlot church." He also attacked the mainline Protestant churches as "apostate, Communist, and modernist." In 1960 he joined W. A. Criswell in the crusade against the papist Kennedy. The fervor of the cause didn't prevent McIntire's bright young apostle, Billy James Hargis, from splitting off to form his own group, the Christian Crusade. To McIntire's perspective Hargis added the element of racial fear. In 1964 Hargis built a movement around a constitutional amendment to overturn the Supreme Court ruling on school prayer, an amendment endorsed by Barry Goldwater. McIntire and Hargis constructed empires of radio stations, seminaries, real estate holdings, publishing houses, and direct-mail operations, models for what was to come.

Among the myriad right-wing fundamentalist groups roaming the wilderness was the Christian Freedom Foundation, begun in 1950 with money from Howard Pew of Sun Oil. Its goal was to train and elect "real Christians" to public office. In 1975 C.F.F.'s funding was assumed by Richard DeVos, president of the Amway Corporation. (In the early 1980s DeVos would become finance chairman of the Republican National Committee.) To propagate its ideas, C.F.F. created Third Century Publishers, which issued *One Nation Under God*, by the former Goldwater operative Rus Walton, laying out the notion of America as a "Christian Republic" based on "Christian principles" ranging from the elimination of taxes supporting public schools to the return of the gold standard.

The director of C.F.F. was a voluble former sales marketing manager for Colgate Palmolive, Ed McAteer. To him, selling was akin to spreading the gospel. "We had truckloads of hair spray to sell," he says. "That's ideal training." McAteer had devoted his life to evangelism, becoming a well-known layman on the circuit, even attending international conferences. "I was like a scientist attending science meetings." He knew virtually everyone, from the backwoods pastors to the television preachers. His contacts suggested to him the possible scope of the movement.

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We want you to know our industry is threatened—not by foreign competition or old-fashioned technology—but by well-meaning people who haven't stopped to consider how their actions might affect others.

Everyone knows there is a controversy over smoking. What everyone doesn't know . . . and should . . . is that attacks on the tobacco industry threaten the livelihoods of thousands of working Americans who have marched, worked, and struggled for causes we all believe in.

The tobacco industry creates jobs, which for many of us make the difference between poverty and dignity. It means a lot to us.

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In 1976 McAteer left the C.F.F. for a more promising job as field director of the Conservative Caucus, a new group that was part of the burgeoning New Right nexus. At its helm was Richard Viguerie, who had parlayed the George Wallace contributors list into a huge computerized direct-mail operation, building a movement on single issue causes, such as opposition to the Panama Canal Treaty. Viguerie's right-hand man is Howard Phillips, Conservative Caucus head, who hired McAteer as his right hand. "Ed was the most important person in making the religious right happen," says Phillips. "He took me around to meet a lot of people. His role was that of Johnny Appleseed." "I was crossbreeding," says McAteer.

In 1978 McAteer took Phillips to lunch at a motel outside Lynchburg, Virginia, to meet an unknown pastor, Jerry Falwell. They proposed a plan. Falwell should be the head of a new movement group that would draw in the religious minded. Phillips even had a name: the Moral Majority. Falwell wasn't fully convinced. "There was skepticism from his people that there wasn't enough money," says Phillips. At the next meeting, however, Falwell was converted.

"McAteer didn't stop there," says Phillips. "There were more meetings." "I introduced everyone to everyone," crows McAteer. "I was introducing Phillips, I was introducing Viguerie." There were meetings, for example, with Pat Robertson, the oleaginous prophet of God, owner of the Christian Broadcasting Network, and chief of his own political outfit, the Freedom Council. Links were established with Christian Voice, a new group which pushed legislation to declare America a "Christian nation" and issued a "Biblical Scorecard" rating legislators on "Christian issues," such as funding for the Department of Education and support for a balanced budget amendment.

AND THEN there were meetings with James Robison. By 1980 McAteer was head of his very own organization, the Religious Roundtable, with Robison serving as vice president. The Roundtable rounded up thousands of evangelical preachers for a convention in Dallas to be addressed by the Republican Presidential candidate. But the group was little more than a letterhead. Robison, however, placed his personal staff and money at the Roundtable's disposal to organize the big event, an event Morton Blackwell calls "a major turning point in the history of the United States."

"You can't endorse me," Ronald Reagan told the throng. "But I endorse you." His appearance gave the evangelical New Right a legitimacy it had previously lacked. Without the sense that they had the approval of a major party's Presidential candidate, many evangelicals would not have been drawn into the network. "Vast numbers of religious leaders were considering whether to get involved," says Blackwell. "As a result of that meeting they decided to." The religious right was at that moment in a nascent stage, and the Roundtable gathering was like a movie lot façade. "There was no organizational context in 1980," admits Phillips. "It was largely rhetorical. But the Dallas meeting sent the message that there were a great many people who were greatly respected who were involved." McAteer's brilliant contrivance, pasted together at the last minute with crucial aid from Robison, created a stage setting for Reagan, whose "endorsement" was indispensable in turning appearance into reality. And he in turn appeared to dominate the social forces set in motion by the "social issue," trumping the born-again Carter.

THE MOVEMENT evangelicals justified their spreading network by more than the imprimatur of Ronald Reagan. Every movement requires a theorist. If McAteer was the essential organizer and Falwell the publicist, then Tim LaHaye, a prolific author, played the role of popular philosopher. His 1980 book, *Battle for the Mind*, has sold more hardcover copies than *Megatrends*. He interprets American history according to the Book of Revelation. Most important, he names the enemy: secular humanism, our unacknowledged but official religion. "Secular humanism puts man at the center of all things," LaHaye explained to me. "It came to America by way of graduate schools. The guy who was the most influential was Robert Owen (the English utopian), who came to the conclusion that the American people were too religious to accept socialism. He and a group of transcendentalists, Unitarians, and atheists decided to make public education compulsory. That's when they brought in Horace Mann, the Unitarian. What Mann did for secular humanism in the nineteenth century John Dewey did for the twentieth century. Now education is on a purely secular basis. And where do you get all your teachers? The Columbia University Teachers College. John Dewey was there. It is the strongest citadel of secular humanism in America. The total secularization of the public school system is only a small part of what will happen. They're almost in total control."

LaHaye's is a fusion conspiracy theory, which includes the Illuminati and the Trilateral Commission, but inexplicably omits the Masons. The secular humanists and their fellow travelers, he writes, number 275,000. They "control America"—the press, the government, the movies. (This last part works against Reagan, but it doesn't matter in such a grand theory.) America was founded as a "Christian nation," but our leaders and institutions are imposters. This makes sense because the Antichrist always assumes the guise of moral spokesman, which is one of the signs by which we can recognize him. LaHaye writes: "They label it democracy, but they mean humanism, in all its atheistic, amoral depravity." He aims at piety revealed by acts of faith. Public education, the "anti-God" fount of secular humanism, aims at critical intelligence revealed by acts of reasoning. We cannot re-enter the original covenant unless we are willing to be born again; those who do not are somehow false citizens. And America itself can be born again and enter sacred time through the institutions of the evangelical New Right, a counterculture that will restore true doctrine. "This is," LaHaye says, "essentially what the President is saying."

LaHaye, a co-founder of Moral Majority, has in fact been

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a welcome guest at the White House. "I've heard secular humanism discussed with Reagan," says Blackwell. "I've heard him use the term. It was once discussed in the Cabinet Room. He responded affirmatively to the comments that were made." Better to nod, no doubt, than to nod off.

Blackwell, a former New Right operative employed by Viguerie, was the key contact for the movement evangelicals in the White House. As he worked to develop support for the President he helped coordinate the New Right leadership. He shepherded them regularly through the White House, helped shape their events to enhance the Administration agenda, and circulated drafts of legislation among them. He contends that "we could do better if there had been repeated initiatives" on the various social issues. "The grass-roots groups can't get the full level of enthusiasm. They aren't about to activate their people unless there are public policy battles going on." Yet Blackwell, according to a senior adviser, understood that the "social issue" was secondary to the economic. He played the game, says this source, "to get the cadres trained."

When Sandra Day O'Connor was nominated for the Supreme Court, Blackwell wrote long memos to the President urgently conveying the sentiments of the anti-abortion activists. And he brought them in to meet with Reagan. O'Connor passed the anti-abortion test that Reagan himself administered. Only two more Supreme Court Justices are needed to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, and Blackwell is sure that the test will be applied again. "That's a cinch," he says. "The President himself brings it up in conversation, and when pro-life leaders met with him he promised it."

In his function as ambassador to the New Right, Blackwell depended heavily on Ed McAteer. "He'd call and ask if he should go to certain meetings," says McAteer. "I told him who was important and who wasn't. I'd tell him whom to see on what."

ONE OF THE subjects about which McAteer kept Blackwell informed was the conservative effort to wrest control of the Southern Baptist Convention leadership. The S.B.C. is the denomination that has historically supported a radical division between church and state because it was founded in rebellion against oppressive state religion. Baptists traditionally have placed their trust in the priesthood of the believer, not imposed dogma. From this theological tenet flowed the S.B.C. positions on abortion and school prayer. At the 1971 S.B.C. convention, a resolution passed almost unanimously upholding the right of abortion if a mother was in any physical or emotional peril. And over a period of two decades, the S.B.C. affirmed support eight times for the Supreme Court ruling that school prayer was unconstitutional. S.B.C. convention delegates are "messengers," individuals proud of not being part of organized factions. But a small group of dedicated movement evangelicals changed all this.

One of their nerve centers is the Criswell Center for Biblical Studies, housed in the Dallas First Baptist Church, and led by Paige Patterson, a Criswell associate. "We got together fifteen or twenty people to redirect the denomination," he says. "First, we located all the conservatives we could. Second, we needed to counteract the one-sided information put out by the state Baptist newspapers. We started our own, the *Southern Baptist Advocate*. Third, we agreed to elect a solid conservative president. His appointive powers determine who goes on the boards and agencies." In 1979 the movement evangelicals organized and financed enough messengers at the convention to elect a president—Ed McAteer's home-town preacher, Adrian Rogers. (By now, Patterson was on the Roundtable board.) In 1980 the conservative faction elected Bailey Smith, who announced: "God does not hear the prayer of a Jew." In 1982 James Draper, a Criswell associate, was elected. At that convention McAteer was adviser to the resolutions committee. "I pushed, I did," he says. "We got that abortion thing hammered out." Thus the S.B.C. did a complete about-face on the issue. Then the S.B.C. reversed its position on school prayer. "McAteer told me the convention was going to do that," says Blackwell. "We were delighted." At the 1984 convention, the S.B.C. passed a resolution against the ordination of women as ministers because "God requires" their "submission." Then Charles Stanley, a Moral Majority board member, recruited into the network by McAteer, was elected president.

Tactics similar to those used within the S.B.C. are being used by the movement evangelicals within the Republican Party. "The Republican Party is going through a catharsis," says Tim LaHaye. "It will become a magnet to conservative America." The force drawing people in is not one of nature; it's organized. "We've taken over the G.O.P. in many areas," says Gary Jarmin of Christian Voice. "In Minnesota we've taken over more than half the party. At the Texas state convention in July Christian Voice brought in 1,500 delegates out of 5,000. This is a major change. We intend to use the Republican Party as a vehicle."

JOHN BUCHANAN, an eight-term moderate Republican Representative from Alabama, was among the first to be singed by the movement evangelicals' fire. In 1980 a group of about twenty-five people appeared in his office. "They introduced themselves as 'the Christians,' " says Buchanan. "They said, 'We're here to help elect those who support the Christians and defeat those against the Christians.' " Buchanan, a Southern Baptist minister, rejoined: "I'm a Christian myself." He recalls, "The first issue they brought up was the Department of Education, which they said was trying to destroy Christianity and establish the religion of secular humanism. I asked if that was an issue on which Christians could disagree. They said no." So "the Christians," mostly Moral Majority members, fielded a primary candidate against Buchanan, registered 5,000 new voters for the sparsely attended election, and unseated him. "The Republican Party has abandoned its tradition and history, the principles of Lincoln," says Buchanan. "What was once a lunatic fringe has become a driving force

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in the party. They beat my brains out with Christian love."

But morality in one Congressional district is not enough. The evangelical New Right is playing off the 1984 Presidential campaign in order to expand its political machine, broaden its base, and prepare for the future. To that end, a new organization has been set up—the American Coalition for Traditional Values. On its board are the usual suspects: Falwell, McAteer, and all the recent presidents of the S.B.C. ACTV's chairman is Tim LaHaye, and the field director is Gary Jarmin. (To a degree ACTV is filling the vacuum left by the partial disintegration of the Roundtable, damaged by McAteer's quixotic independent race for the Senate in Tennessee.) The new group was officially launched on June 11 at a White House reception attended by Reagan and George Bush. On April 19, lending his legitimacy once again to the movement, Reagan wrote LaHaye a letter in which he praised ACTV as having "the potential to speak to the millions of committed Christians" and thanked him for his "faithful patriotism." Already, 40,000 pastors, by Jarmin's estimate, have been recruited to set up ACTV voter registration drives in their churches. "Within each church," says Jarmin, "we form a structure, identify who's registered and who isn't, put our literature through the pipeline. After we register you, we have to educate you."

AT THE Republican Convention the President himself unveiled the evangelical New Right worldview. He portrayed the movement as a defensive counter to liberal usurpers, those who are "secularizing our nation . . . intolerant of religion." His speech was not something novel. He had voiced the same opinions in March at the National Association of Evangelicals meeting, where he attacked those "who turned to a modern-day secularism." The Dallas sermon, however, aroused a furor. Suddenly, the tone seemed to shift. Reagan made more remarks, trying to clarify the previous ones. He declared that the "wall of separation" between church and state had been broken down by "irreligionists." He claimed that they "twist the concept of freedom of religion to mean freedom against religion." He complained that his Dallas utterance had been misunderstood, and in a sense it was: it was not generally understood that he was offering up his version of the secular humanism theory.

No matter how low Walter Mondale's standing in the polls, he rates high in the demonology of the evangelical New Right. After all, his brother, Lester Mondale, a Unitarian minister, actually signed the 1933 manifesto of the American Humanist Association. This is no ordinary election, but a battle with the Beast itself. "Mondale admits he's a humanist!" exclaims LaHaye. "I've documented this! What he's said will be distributed to the millions of Christian people."

The evangelical New Right sets its political revivals according to the electoral calendar. But while it rides Reagan's candidacy, it runs its own race. Its fixation on the "social issue" has begun to disturb the younger members of the Reagan high command. They believe that the "social issue" is indeed becoming more salient. But now it's working against the "populist" scenario envisioned long ago. The "unyoung" of 1970 are a declining share of the electorate; those who were young in 1970 (and still are) are in the ascendance, even if they haven't elected one of their own as President yet. Although older voters may be responsive to "populism," the younger are strongly libertarian. Reagan's politicos fear that whatever mandate the President wins may be eroded swiftly by "social issue" conservatism. They nervously contemplate Reagan winning a majority of the under-40 vote, then triggering a generational war they would lose. "Younger voters are pro-choice on everything," says Robert Teeter, a pollster who's a key Reagan campaign strategist. "In terms of voting groups available to us, the New Deal is gone. We've got to have these new groups coming in. We can't take secondary issues and turn them off. It gets tough for whoever follows Reagan. The Republican Party can't institutionalize this. We can't live with it."

REAGAN IN HIS first term has been able to postpone the reckoning over the "social issue" mostly because of his good luck with the economy. But by the containment strategy of constitutional amendments, so successful in his first term in holding off the righteous militants while exploiting their energy, Reagan has trapped himself into a second-term crisis. He has locked himself into a position where he must deliver. The amendments gambit will no longer suffice. And in moving from symbolism to substance, especially on abortion, he will almost certainly shatter the Republican Party.

The Republicans are more sharply polarized over abortion than the Democrats. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, 31 percent of Republicans strongly oppose the anti-abortion amendment; 13 percent somewhat oppose it; 6 percent somewhat approve it; and 27 percent strongly approve. Among delegates to the Republican Convention, only 32 percent were in favor, according to NBC News. The traditional Republican constituencies are heavily opposed. The Harris poll records 71 percent of the college educated opposed; 62 percent of white Protestants; and, significantly, 68 percent of westerners. The West is the party's firm base, but with abortion criminalized by a Reagan-appointed Supreme Court, it could easily become shaky; it's the country's most libertarian region.

The party may crack, but the movement evangelicals will flourish. That would be the ultimate fulfillment of "social issue" conservatism. The divisions this sort of politics engenders are inescapable. And the party that enacts sectarian doctrine into law in the attempt to regenerate a lost world will pay a steep political price. The true believers would be neither surprised nor disappointed. They place the highest value on ideology, which they are certain foretells the fate of America and the Second Coming. They believe that their bursts of enthusiasm are bringing them closer to the end of time, but they are paradoxically promoting the movement which worships above all the god of worldly power. □

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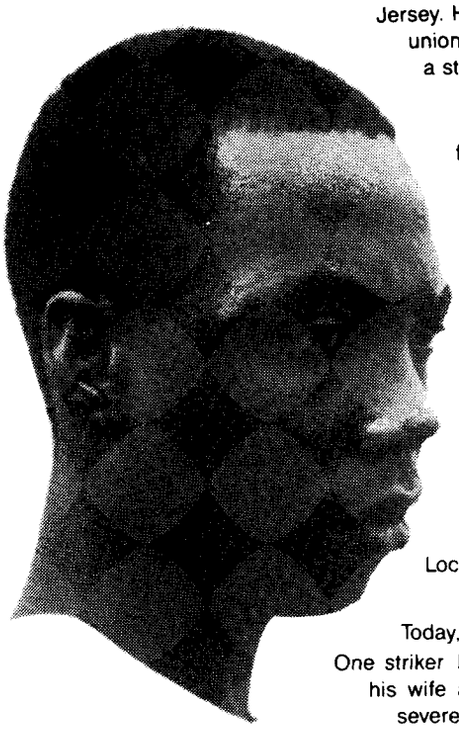
He made his union's hit list.

Horace Guyton lived an ordinary life until one day in May 1983. That's the day he crossed a union picket line, and the day the safe, comfortable life he'd built for his wife and three children began to crumble around him.



Horace worked as a janitor at the Wheaton Industries plant in Millville, New Jersey. He was a member of Local 219 of the Glass, Pottery, Plastics and Allied Workers' union. But his belief in his union's leadership was challenged when officials ordered a strike without first allowing the rank-and-file to vote on it.

That bothered Horace and several other workers. So much so that they decided they could not support a strike not authorized or approved by the rank-and-file workers. But when Horace and the other employees returned to work, they were not prepared for how far Local 219 militants would go to enforce their strike order.

And the life for which Horace had worked so hard came tumbling down. First came the name-calling . . . "Scab!" . . . "Nigger!" . . . Then the mental torment . . . his house was watched . . . his wife was followed and photographed.

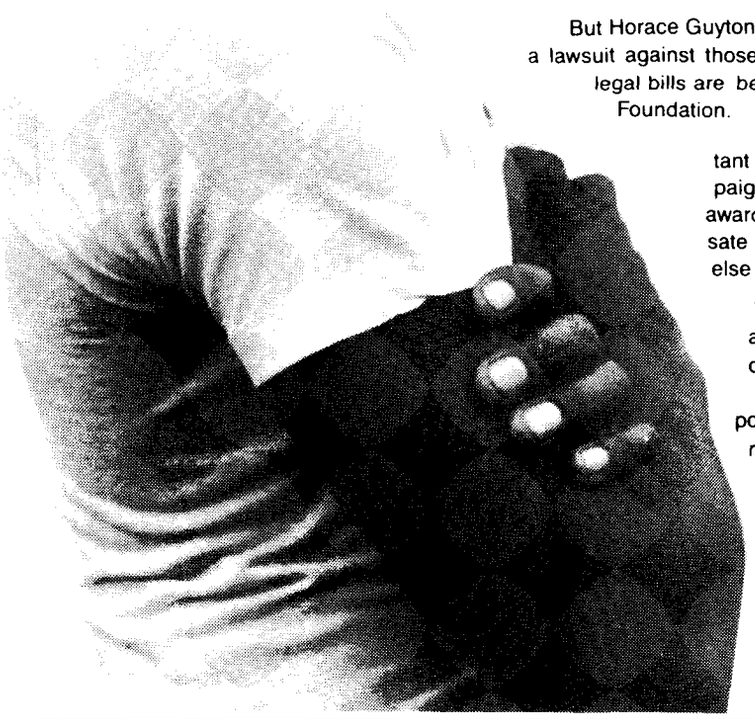
Then the physical threats . . . a striker brandishing a stick threatened to "get" Horace . . . a man in a car pointed a shotgun at him, yelling "Bam! You're a dead scab!" . . . Horace was struck by a brick hurled from a passing truck bearing a union's name.

Finally, a "scab" list was circulated among the strikers and posted in the union hall. It became known as the "Hit List." It listed the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the workers who had returned to work.

The Guyton family was finally forced to move their family home for their own safety. Horace hoped their new location would protect his wife and children. But Local 219 militants found their new home, and updated their Hit List. The harassment and terror continued.

Today, the strike is over but Horace's ordeal is not. He is still greeted by racial slurs. One striker has threatened that the Guyton family is "dead." The constant fear for himself, his wife and his children has taken its toll. Horace has been diagnosed as suffering from a severe post-traumatic stress disorder.

Horace's story should be unique, but it's not. Since 1975, more than 4100 incidents of union violence have been reported in the nation's press. Most of the victims don't have the resources or the know-how to fight back.



But Horace Guyton found a way. He and two co-workers have banded together in a lawsuit against those who orchestrated the campaign of terror against them. Their legal bills are being paid by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

The workers are charging Local 219 officials and some militant members with organizing, conducting and condoning a campaign of harassment and violence. They intend to ask the court to award them in excess of $400,000 in damages to somehow compensate for their suffering. They hope such an award will deter anyone else from using violence to carry out union officials' demands.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is doing all it can to help Horace Guyton and other victims of the abuses of forced unionism. It is supporting more than 250 cases involving union violence, illegal spending of forced union fees for politics, academic and political freedom, and other basic workers rights that are violated by compulsory unionism abuses.

Horace didn't start out to be a hero. But he ended up one. If you'd like to help other workers like Horace Guyton and want to know more about the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, please call or write us today.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Dept. TR • 8001 Braddock Road • Springfield, VA 22160

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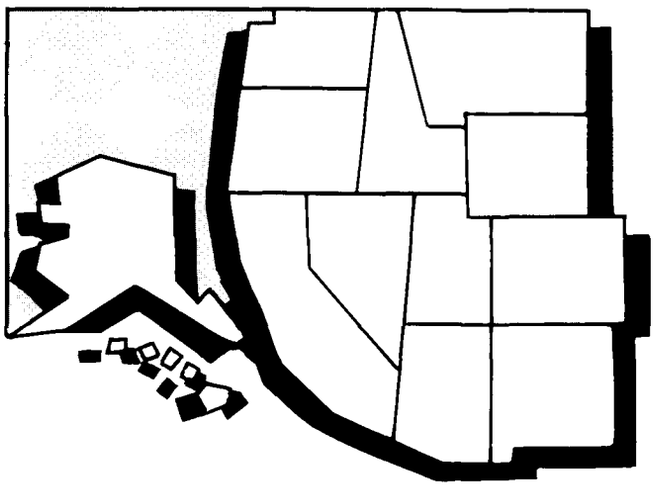
A Political Junkie's Guide To November 6

The West



Both Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan shut Jimmy Carter out west of the Mississippi, and it doesn't look as though Walter Mondale will break the pattern. Still, the Democrats are optimistic about the Pacific Northwest, where environmental, feminist, and nuclear freeze groups are active—and they're not not giving up in California, either. But right now, Mondale even trails in traditionally Democratic Hawaii, which went for Carter in 1980.

☆ **Alaska:** No one is taking any polls here: the Democrats don't have enough money to do one, and the Republicans say Reagan is so far ahead that they needn't bother.

☆ **Arizona:** Reagan is a sure winner.

☆ **California:** With 47 electoral votes at stake, Mondale can't afford to write off California, even though the Field poll shows Reagan leading by 16 percent in his home state. Democratic hopes for a big boost from minority voter registration are fading; the Republicans have outregistered the Democrats by 4,000. In Orange County liberal Democratic Representative Jerry Patterson and right-wing challenger Robert K. Dornan, who used to hold the seat, are locked in a tight race.

☆ **Colorado:** Solid for Reagan. New Right Republican William Armstrong is considered a safe bet for reelection, but he lost a recent debate with liberal Democrat Nancy Dick—and promptly said he didn't want to participate in any more. In a western Colorado House race, Mike Strang, a Republican cattle rancher and banker, is a slight favorite over W Mitchell (that's his whole name), an environmentalist who lost both his arms in a motorcycle accident.

☆ **Hawaii:** A mid-September *Honolulu Advertiser* poll shows Reagan leading Mondale by 12 points.

☆ **Idaho:** Another Reagan stronghold. Republican Representative George Hansen was just convicted of violating federal financial disclosure laws, but he still has a fair chance to beat Democrat challenger Richard Stallings.

☆ **Montana:** Even in this most heavily Democratic of the Mountain States, Reagan is far out in front. Democratic Senator Max Baucus is being challenged by conservative Republican Chuck Cozzens, whose slogan, "Baucus is a Wimp," is not going over well. Republican Governor Ted Schwinden will win reelection easily.

☆ **Nevada:** A Reagan romp. Nevada directory assistance has no telephone listing for a Mondale headquarters.

☆ **New Mexico:** Democratic polls show the President's lead at 15 points. An easy race for Republican Senator Pete Domenici.

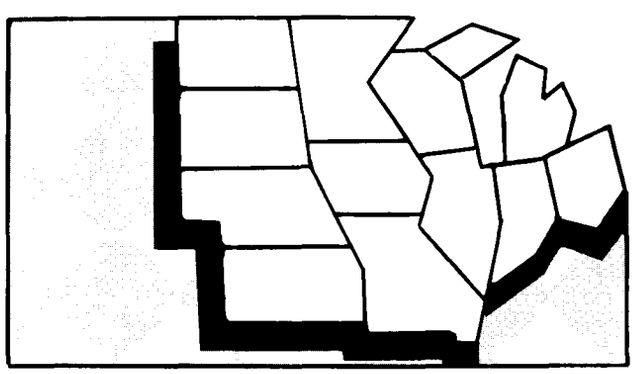
☆ **Oregon:** The latest *Portland Oregonian* poll gives Reagan a scant 2-point lead. Mondale benefits from the slow recovery of Oregon's timber-based economy; he is also gaining votes from the 9 percent of Oregonians who backed Anderson in 1980. Apparently no one cares about the peccadilloes of Republican Senator Mark Hatfield; he leads state Senator Margie Hendricksen (one of ten women candidates for the Senate this year) by a 2 to 1 margin. Democratic Representative Les AuCoin is in trouble in his race against Georgia-Pacific lobbyist Bill Mashofsky.

☆ **Utah:** Reagan should easily repeat his 1980 victory. The only question is whether a referendum to ban nudity on cable TV will pass.

☆ **Washington:** A mixed bag for the Democrats. Reagan leads by 15 points, according to a *Tacoma News-Tribune* poll. But the same poll shows Democratic challenger John Gardner leading incumbent Republican John Spellman by 19 points in the gubernatorial race.

☆ **Wyoming:** Reagan and Republican Senator Alan Simpson are so far ahead that no one is taking polls.

The Midwest



The economic recovery has been relatively weak in the Midwest. Around 5,000 Midwest farms failed last year, and unemployment in the region remains as high as 10.9 percent in Michigan. But apparently no one blames Ronald Reagan. The President leads in every state, with margins ranging from 37 percentage points in North Dakota to 8 points in Mondale's home state of Minnesota.

This report was prepared by Chuck Lane, David Bell, Antony Blinken, and Susan Subak the week before the first Presidential debate.

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Even in northern Minnesota's Iron Range, where 55 percent of iron miners are jobless, Republican polls show Mondale ahead by just 4 percent. Why is Mondale such a flop in his own corner of the country? His proposal to raise taxes didn't help. And many midwesterners simply believe that the recovery is bound to reach them sooner or later.

☆ **ILLINOIS:** Mondale still has high hopes for Illinois, where 250,000 blacks registered to vote for Harold Washington in Chicago last year. But a *Chicago Tribune* poll shows Reagan up by 10 points. Republican Senator Charles Percy is trying to have it both ways in his race against moderate liberal Paul Simon. Percy has postured as a Reaganite in front of conservative audiences and warned liberals that Jesse Helms will take over the Foreign Relations Committee if he loses. So far, it's not working; Percy has slipped from a 10-point lead a month ago, and is now behind by 2 points. Dan Crane, the right-wing Republican Representative who admitted having an affair with a teenage page, is likely to be forgiven by constituents. And in the Moline area, right-winger Ken McMillan, who has smeared the liberal incumbent Lane Evans as "pro-Soviet," is leading.

☆ **INDIANA:** All Reagan. Right-wing 27-year-old Richard McIntyre might well unseat first-term Democratic Representative Frank McCloskey.

☆ **IOWA:** Reagan's pulling away, but Republican Senator Roger Jepsen continues to blunder. "I'm happy to be in Cedar Rapids," he said at a recent rally. "You're in Fairfax!" the crowd shouted back. Nevertheless, Jepsen has scored points by linking challenger Tom Harkin with abortion and Mondale; the most recent *Des Moines Register* poll gives him a 9-point edge.

☆ **KANSAS:** Reagan country. Nancy Landon Kassebaum is a cinch to hold her Senate seat. There's only one Democratic bright spot: Jack Reardon, the mayor of Kansas City, has a good chance to take the seat long held by retiring Republican Larry Winn.

☆ **MICHIGAN:** Before a Reagan visit to a General Motors plant this summer, U.A.W. leaders passed out Mondale buttons. The workers pocketed the buttons and cheered for the President. Fifty percent of union members here back the President, and Reagan's lead in the *Detroit Free Press* poll grew to 17 points last week, despite four visits by Mondale and Ferraro since Labor Day. Still, liberal Democratic Senator Carl Levin has a 20-point lead over former astronaut Jack Lousma.

☆ **MINNESOTA:** Mondale hasn't lived here since the 1960s (campaign manager Jim Johnson found him a house in cushy North Oaks just last year), so his favorite-son status is weak. And the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party still hasn't recovered from 1978, when it lost the governorship and both Senate seats. Badly split over abortion, the party picked liberal Secretary of State Joan Growe to run against Senator Rudy Boschwitz, who will probably get enough conservative Democratic votes to win.

☆ **MISSOURI:** The most recent *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* poll gives Reagan a 28-point lead. The early Republican favorite in the governor's race, Attorney General John Ashcroft, is losing ground against Lieutenant Governor Ken Rothman.

☆ **NEBRASKA:** Solid for Reagan. Conservative Democratic Senator James Exon leads Republican Nancy Hoch, a pro-choice, pro-E.R.A. Reaganite, by 32 points.

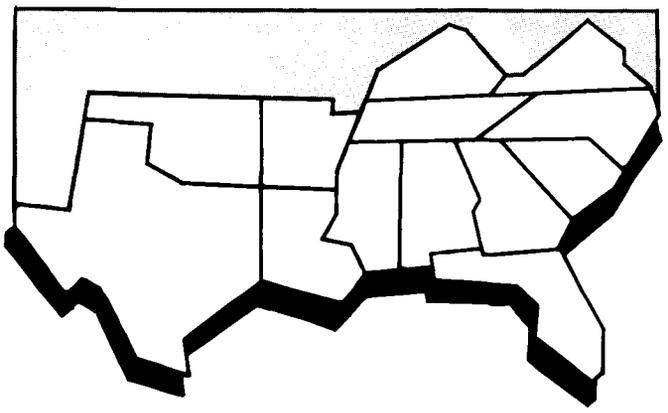
☆ **NORTH DAKOTA:** Reagan's insurmountable lead and a likely victory for Republican Governor Allen Olson probably won't hurt the state's lone Representative, populist Democrat Byron Dorgan.

☆ **OHIO:** Democratic Governor Richard Celeste has raised state income taxes by 110 percent, and voters here fear more of the same from Mondale. Still, Reagan's 12-point lead is 10 points smaller than it was a month ago.

☆ **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Reagan is way ahead. And Republican Senator Larry Pressler has a solid lead over George Cunningham, who isn't advertising the fact that he spent eighteen years working for George McGovern. McGovern even offered to endorse Pressler if it would help Cunningham. The state's only Representative, liberal Democrat Tom Daschle, will win reelection.

☆ **WISCONSIN:** With no senatorial or gubernatorial races, and all nine House incumbents heading for easy victory, the only drama is in the Presidential contest. Will liberals from Madison, blue-collar workers from Milwaukee, and dairy farmers from the prairie give the state to Walter Mondale? Probably not. A brand-new *Milwaukee Journal* poll shows Reagan ahead by 11 points.

THE SOUTH



Throughout the South, racial voting patterns have confounded Democratic expectations. The Mondale-Ferraro ticket trails by at least 15 points in every state. According to pollster Claibourne Darden, Reagan is getting almost 70 percent of the white vote. "Mondale is associated with every political albatross the South has ever known," Darden says, "organized labor, gays, feminists, and urban blacks." Jesse Jackson's efforts to register new black voters—which Democrats had counted on to help them to win states that were close in 1980—have not compensated for whites' desertion of the Democratic ticket. (In Georgia, for example, 100,000 more whites than blacks have registered in the past year.) And now nervous Democratic candidates for the House and Senate are distancing themselves from the ticket too.

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☆ **ALABAMA:** A *Birmingham News* poll puts Reagan's margin at 26 points. Voter registration has disappointed Democrats so far. Still, Democratic Senator Howell Heflin leads a right-wing challenger by almost 50 points.

☆ **ARKANSAS:** A month ago, says one Democratic pollster, Mondale trailed by just 6 points here; now he's down by more than 20 points. Governor Bill Clinton, a liberal Democrat, should have no trouble getting reelected. But the impending Reagan victory threatens incumbent Senator David Pryor, once considered a safe bet to beat Republican Representative Ed Bethune.

☆ **FLORIDA:** All's quiet in Florida; there are no statewide races and Reagan—bolstered by a 9 to 1 edge among Miami's Cubans—has a 2 to 1 lead in the polls. A landslide could doom conservative Democratic Representatives Dan Mica and Larry Smith, both of whom face stiff challenges from New Right Republicans.

☆ **GEORGIA:** This is the only state in America where Mondale's association with Jimmy Carter helps him, but Reagan is still far ahead. Mondale inexplicably scheduled his first Georgia appearance in Macon, whose mayor happens to be the state Reagan chairman; Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young was the only major Democrat in the state to show up. Democratic Senator Sam Nunn will win reelection, but a big Reagan margin could help Republican Pat Swindall beat Atlanta's moderate Democratic Representative Elliot Levitas.

☆ **KENTUCKY:** Mondale has slid from 8 points down to 25 points down in the last four months. Now Democrats are just trying to make sure that Senator Dee Huddleston, who has also been slipping lately, doesn't get pulled down with him.

☆ **LOUISIANA:** According to pollster Ed Renwick, no Democrat can carry Louisiana unless he gets 100 percent of the black vote and 37 percent of the white vote. Renwick's polls show Reagan with 5 percent of the black vote—and between 80 and 90 percent of the white vote.

☆ **MISSISSIPPI:** Mondale's disorganized campaign has fumbled away whatever chances he once had. Late summer squabbles between black and white Democrats didn't help either. And during his only visit to the state, Mondale met vicious heckling from students in Tupelo. All of this is bad news for former Democratic Governor William Winter, who is trailing in his bid to unseat Senator Thad Cochran. In a rematch of a tight 1982 House race, state Senator Robert Clark, who is black, faces Republican incumbent Webb Franklin. Since 1982 reapportionment has made the district 58 percent black, and Clark may well become the state's first black Representative since Reconstruction.

☆ **NORTH CAROLINA:** Reagan has a comfortable lead. The real race in North Carolina—the one on which the contenders have already spent $13.5 million—is the Senate contest between incumbent Republican Jesse Helms and Democratic Governor Jim Hunt. Hurricane Diana struck at just the right time for Hunt; he got loads of TV coverage, trudging through the wreckage and looking like a crisis manager. His recent decision not to stay the execution of a convicted killer probably also helped him look tough. Still, the latest Gallup poll shows Helms leading by 4 points. The race has polarized the state along racial lines: Hunt leads 88 percent to 6 percent among blacks, and Helms is ahead by 58 to 35 among whites. Although black registration is up, a Moral Majority effort aimed at white fundamentalists has almost canceled these gains.

☆ **OKLAHOMA:** Reagan's certain victory here could damage the reelection chances of House Budget Committee Chairman Jim Jones, who is in a very tight race with Republican state Senator Frank Keating. Democratic Senator David Boren, the only politician who is more popular here than Reagan, will win reelection easily.

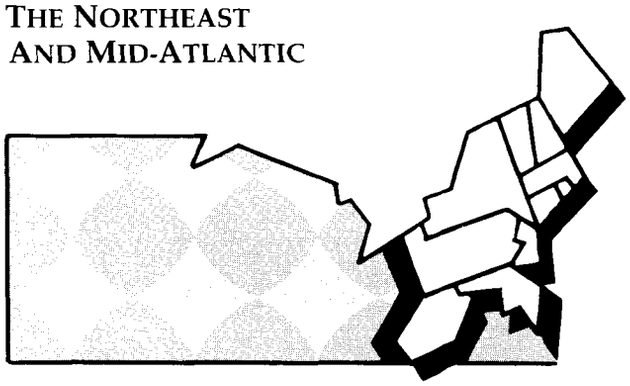
☆ **SOUTH CAROLINA:** Reagan is way ahead. Senator Strom Thurmond has a $2 million campaign fund and only token opposition. Democrat Jeff Smith has an outside shot at unseating right-wing Republican Representative Carroll Campbell.

☆ **TENNESSEE:** This is one of Mondale's best states in the Deep South, but he's still down 20 points in some Democratic polls. Democratic Representative Al Gore Jr. is heavily favored to win the Senate seat left open by the retiring Howard Baker.

☆ **TEXAS:** Mondale himself has said that this is a crucial state, but a recent ABC News poll shows Reagan ahead by 29 points. The Senate race between Democrat Lloyd Doggett and Republican Phil Gramm is much closer, but Gramm has forged ahead, harping on the fact that Doggett accepted money raised by a gay political group at an all-male strip show. Democrats contend that both Mondale and Doggett will benefit from a massive increase in voter registration among blacks and Hispanics. Yet some pollsters say that Reagan may get as much as 40 percent of the Hispanic vote this time.

☆ **VIRGINIA:** Mondale didn't even open a state headquarters here until October 5. Reagan and Republican Senator John Warner are headed for easy victories. First-term Democratic Representatives Jim Olin and Rick Boucher could be swept away in a Republican landslide.

THE NORTHEAST AND MID-ATLANTIC



This should be Walter Mondale's strongest region: Democrats outnumber Republicans in every state except New Hampshire; the victims of acid rain and the neighbors of toxic waste dumps are angry at Reagan's environmental record; and the recovery still hasn't touched un-

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employed textile workers in New England, coal miners in West Virginia, or steel workers in Pennsylvania. Yet polls show Reagan ahead in every state. The main problem for Mondale has been his own inept campaign. The Labor Day campaign kickoff in New York City flopped when Mondale and Ferraro decided to start the parade shortly after dawn; as television cameras whirred, the candidates marched past empty sidewalks. Mondale hasn't visited New Jersey or Massachusetts since the convention, and in states like Vermont and Delaware, the Democratic campaign is just getting organized. Mondale still has some good prospects here, but right now most of what might have been Mondale Country belongs to Ronald Reagan.

☆ **CONNECTICUT:** Low unemployment and large defense contractors make this a Reagan state. The only close race here is between left-wing Democratic Representative Bruce Morrison and Lawrence DeNardis, the moderate Republican he defeated in 1982.

☆ **DELAWARE:** Even Democratic polls show Reagan ahead by an astonishing 44 points. Still, Democratic Senator Joe Biden should win reelection. In the state's only House race, Republican Elise DuPont is running even with incumbent Democrat Tom Carper, whom she is outspending by $200,000.

☆ **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:** Somebody is probably already printing up bumper stickers that say "Don't blame me, I'm from Washington." D.C. is 70 percent black; its three electoral votes are the only ones Mondale can safely count on.

☆ **MAINE:** Reagan is ahead, but Mondale still has a chance, if only because he has the support of popular Governor Joseph E. Brennan. Republican Senator William S. Cohen, bolstered by an endorsement from the League of Conservation Voters, leads challenger Libby Mitchell. But Mitchell hopes that a referendum on a state E.R.A. will stimulate a big turnout among women and liberals.

☆ **MARYLAND:** Democrats were stunned last month when a *Baltimore Sun* poll showed Reagan ahead by 9 points in this state, one of six Carter carried in 1980. After weeks of arguments between Jackson and Mondale backers about who would run the state campaign, the Democrats are trying to make up for lost time. Senator Paul Sarbanes's political organization has taken over the campaign in Baltimore, and helped engineer a successful recent visit to the city by Ferraro. The betting is that Mondale can win. Seventy-five-year-old Representative Clarence Long, one of Reagan's fiestier critics on Central America, is in trouble against conservative Republican Helen Bentley.

☆ **MASSACHUSETTS:** A robust high-tech economy, conservative Ray Shamie's victory in the Republican Senate primary, and apathy toward Mondale (he finished a distant second to Gary Hart in the primary) could mean a repeat of Reagan's narrow 1980 victory here. The President is ahead by 8 points, according to the latest *Boston Globe* poll. Still, Massachusetts is one place where Ferraro's candidacy is having its intended effect: 10,000 people turned out in the rain to hear her speak at a recent Boston rally. No one expects Shamie, a Newt Gingrich clone, to beat Democratic Lieutenant Governor John Kerry, but the *Globe* poll shows Shamie trailing by just 7 points. Liberal Representative Gerry Studds, who last year admitted that he had had a homosexual relationship with a teenage House page, survived a primary campaign in which his opponent labeled him a child molester, and he will probably retain his seat.

☆ **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Solid for Reagan. Republican Governor John Sununu will be reelected, but right-wing Senator Gordon J. Humphrey is only 2 points ahead of Democrat Norman D'Amours. Dudley Dudley (that's her real name) is running for Congress Congress (and that's her real slogan) to replace D'Amours. She is only slightly trailing ultraconservative Republican Bob Smith.

☆ **NEW JERSEY:** Reagan leads Mondale by 25 points. Democratic Senator Bill Bradley is ahead in his race by 50 points. The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee rates suburban Newark Representative Joseph Minish as one of the five most vulnerable Democrats in the country.

☆ **NEW YORK:** Most polls show Reagan 10 points ahead in this heavily Democratic state, which is surprising until you consider that Mondale didn't even have a campaign office here until early September. Still, Ferraro, the first New Yorker on a Democratic ticket since F.D.R., helps the Democrats' chances. A big Reagan win would endanger Long Island Democrat Bob Mrazek.

☆ **PENNSYLVANIA:** If early reports on election night show Mondale losing this heavily unionized state, there won't be much point in staying up to watch the rest of the returns. Right now the polls show Reagan ahead by a few points, and liberal Democratic Representatives like Bob Edgar and Peter Kostmayer worry that the national ticket will drag them down to defeat. Republican Representative Bud Shuster is being challenged by Nancy Kulp, who used to play Miss Hathaway on "The Beverly Hillbillies." A Kulp win would be the biggest longshot triumph since Jed Clampitt hit bubbling crude.

☆ **RHODE ISLAND:** This state gave Carter his largest victory margin in 1980, but recent polls show Mondale and Reagan about even, and the Republicans sense an upset. Claiborne Pell, the ranking Democrat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, faces no serious opposition.

☆ **VERMONT:** The state's economy isn't bad, and Mondale isn't popular—Hart walloped him in the primary last March—so Reagan should win. Democrat Madeleine Kunin and Republican John Easton are in a close battle to succeed retiring Governor Richard Snelling.

☆ **WEST VIRGINIA:** According to the latest *Charleston Daily Mail* poll, Reagan leads this U.M.W.-dominated state by 18 points. Forty percent of West Virginians say they're less likely to vote Democratic because Ferraro is on the ticket. Democratic Governor Jay Rockefeller, running for Senate, and former Republican Governor Arch Moore, running to replace Rockefeller, should win easily. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Divertimento

Lucky are those who see the film of *Amadeus* without having seen the play. Peter Shaffer's original was markedly different in the London and New York productions that I saw, but both of them used theatrical conceits as if they were virtuosity, when in fact they were padding for a thin body—tricks like an address to the audience and a stylized chorus. Shorn of this spurious decor, the film fares somewhat better.

Amadeus
(Orion)

Shaffer's screenplay, which was worked out with the director, Milos Forman, is a more straightforward narrative; it goes on too long and it heaves toward a dreadfully contrived climax, but in the main it's a visually lively piece that tells a story about Mozart and Salieri. Not *the* story: those familiar with Mozart's life may die the death of a thousand cuts unless they agree from the start to a romance. Still, that romance is presented here with much less of Shaffer's undergraduate playwriting cleverness, less tinselly rhetoric, and a lot of nice things to look at. With, of course, a great many bits of Mozart's music—bits only, yet ravishing, more than in the play and played more sonorously. (Those who complain that the music is overrecorded might remember that Mozart liked large orchestras, was happy when he could get them.)

The story takes off from the myth that Salieri, the Viennese court *Kapellmeister* more successful than Mozart yet jealous of him, poisoned the younger man. (The material was used at least once before in the theater. Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote an opera, *Mozart and Salieri*, based on Pushkin's dramatic poem, and Chaliapin was successful as Salieri.) Shaffer's notion is neither to prove nor disprove the poisoning but to assume that Salieri believes himself responsible for the death, principally because he is so jealous of Mozart. Thirty-four years later, plagued by his obsession, Salieri attempts suicide, and soon afterward dies. In the play the old man recounts the story to us, with flashbacks, as he tries to redeem himself with future generations. This abominable idea is shucked in the film: Salieri recounts the story, with flashbacks, to a priest who visits him in the hospital after the suicide attempt. The wiping off of greasepaint metaphysics—by making the narrative a straight confession—helps immensely.

It would take too much time to dwell on all the liberties with fact. Just a few samples: Where is Aloysia, Mozart's sister-in-law, so important in his life? Where is the trip to Prague for the premiere of *Don Giovanni*? (The omission is all the more odd since the film was largely made in Prague.) Why would the Commendatore in that opera, slain father of a violated daughter, be linked in Mozart's mind with his own father? And—wildest of all—why would Mozart on his deathbed dictate some of his Requiem Mass to Salieri? First, what remains of the score is in Mozart's firm hand; second, the one composer at the deathbed was, apparently, Süssmayr. But let's generously allow factual license to Shaffer as we do to Schiller for *Mary Stuart* and Brecht for *Galileo*, and see what we get in return for our generosity.

Forman cast the three leading roles with actors relatively unknown in films, but he showed more courage than sense. Only one of the three people really succeeds. F. Murray Abraham, long familiar in the theater, plays Salieri and does especially well as the older man. Younger, he tends to make too much of hiding his true feelings; older, he is affectingly resigned to his hell. Still, all through the role, he gives us a man with enough honesty in him to recognize Mozart's superiority and to be bitter about his own bitterness.

Tom Hulce comes halfway toward realizing Mozart. The casting idea, as in both theater productions, was to use a young man with a non-ethereal face (supported by several portraits), capable of vulgarity (supported by many Mozart letters), and credible as a genius. Simon Callow, who plays Schikaneder in the film, was Mozart in London and caught it all. Hulce has the energy, gives us Mozart's complete confidence in his powers even when he is broke, but his face is *too* doughy—and his voice is insufficiently modulated. He can't give the role the fineness of inflection and color that it needs.

As his wife, Elizabeth Berridge is disastrous. Constanze was a rough diamond, at least in her younger years, but Berridge is a rough rhinestone. Presumably Berridge was supposed to bring the audience close to a just-plain-folks girl. If that's what she really is, then she can't even be herself on screen.

Forman has never directed so well. This is a relative statement. Most Czech writers about Forman say that he was

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Bizet's Carmen. Smash. The two leading men are stiff actors, though good singers: Julia Migenes-Johnson is a fine everything. Francesco Rosi directed excitingly, the cinematography is splendid. To repeat: smash. (Reviewed 9/17&24/84)

In the White City. Alain Tanner takes on a Peter Handke mode—a person who simply withdraws from the traffic of life for a time—and doesn't quite bring it off. But his conviction, if not art, and Bruno Ganz's performance sustain most of it. (10/8/84)

Places in the Heart. Robert Benton (of *Kramer vs. Kramer*) wrote and directed this memoir of his Texas home town. Tainted with conventional touches, it still catches the drama of purportedly Christian lives lacerated by worldly shortcomings. (10/1/84)

A Soldier's Story. A black sergeant is murdered at a Louisiana army base, 1944; an army captain, black, investigates. Something like a better-done "liberal" film of the 1950s. (10/15/84)

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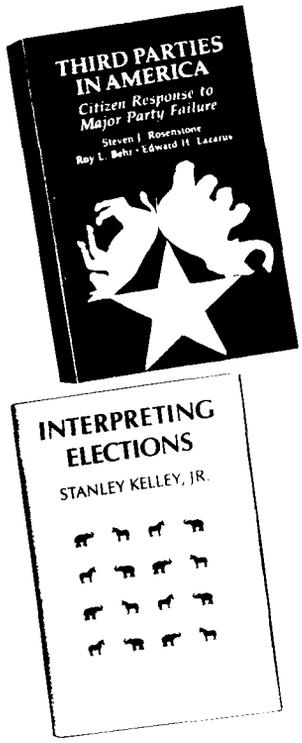
better in Czechoslovakia and became ill at ease with American producers; but some of us who saw his Czech films, such as *The Firemen's Ball* and *Loves of a Blonde*, think those earlier works were more clever than good, that his American films were more clever and less good. His best film was *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and I can't shake the suspicion that its star, Jack Nicholson, had something to do with the making of the film.

Amadeus is not free of middle-European artiness: closeups of repellent guffawing faces, stark shadows, grotesque angles, many masks. (If only some higher power would inspire the U.N. to ban the use of masks in films everywhere and forever.) Still, except for such impossible sequences as the parodic performance of *Don Giovanni* and the whooped-up climax, Forman shows much more control, more intent to serve his story and actors, than ever before. He balances the picture nicely much of the time between historical appreciation and a view that is touched with a present-day satirical edge.

Forman, along with his cinematographer Miroslav Ondricek, was working in Prague as a visiting émigré. Together they have resisted and divulged: they have resisted any temptation to show off their intimate knowledge of the place, while they have divulged some of the secrets of that captivating rococo city. The opera sets in the film were done by the Czech artist Josef Svoboda, widely considered the best scene designer alive, but Svoboda is wasted here because he has little chance to do more than follow neoclassical models.

The fundamental question in the film, as in the play, is the justice of God. Was it just of God to make the scatological, arrogant Mozart a supreme genius, thinks Salieri, while his own decent behavior and hard work are rewarded only with serviceable talent? The justice of God is an old question in drama but, more often than not, is taken as unfathomable in mortal life, to be explained hereafter. (In fact, a whole genre was devised—melodrama—to compress the dilemma and make God's justice clearly visible in mortal life at the end of the play.) The muzziness of Shaffer's exploration is exposed by one question: Would Salieri have been any less jealous of Mozart's genius if the other man had been conventionally well spoken and modest? The implication is that Salieri is more incensed by

Election Reading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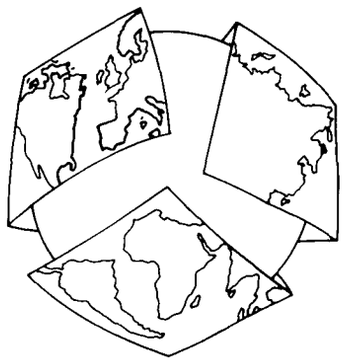

"...underdevelopment today is not a natural condition, but an unnatural one, a social state which is the product of history;

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bad manners than jealous of genius.

The very close of the film, however, has a power that the play lacked. In the play, the last lines were addressed by Salieri to the audience: "Mediocrities everywhere—now and to come—I absolve you all! Amen!" He raised his arms, and we heard a beautiful bit of Mozart. It seemed both presumptuous and self-exculpatory for Shaffer. In the film we, the future, are left out of it. Salieri is being wheeled down the corridors of the hospital through a crowd of lunatics chained to the walls, and it's to these lunatics that he speaks those lines. This gives irony, not impertinence, to his act of absolution. And the final sound is not Mozart's music but Mozart's high-pitched, irritating giggle. That's good.

The American language at election time.

MENCKEN'S GHOST

BY ALFRED KAZIN

"We're a gr-reat people," said Mr. Hennessy, earnestly.
"We ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "We ar-re that. An' the best iv it is, we know we ar-re."

HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN (1880-1956), who loved so many things about the America he thought the funniest society on earth, loved nothing so much as the chance to describe a national political convention. He was a newspaperman at 18, and even as a police reporter in his native Baltimore he was a satirist so confident of his judgment that he was of course made a columnist. Mencken enjoyed a rich, full career ridiculing the pomposities and absurdities of politicians from Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Wallace. On the eve of the stroke that incapacitated him in 1948, he even had a last opportunity to mock the "Progressive" Party's nomination of Henry Wallace in the Philadelphia auditorium where the Republicans nominated Dewey and the Democrats Truman. Mencken's first dispatch to *The Baltimore Sun* (written under the speaker's stand on the Corona he bought in 1916 and on which he also turned out thirty books) was headed MENCKEN AND THE SWAMI: MARX, LENIN, UNCLE JOE MISSING AT CONVENTION.

Mencken's *A Carnival of Buncombe*, edited by Malcolm Moos, was first published after Mencken's death and has now been reissued by the University of Chicago Press. It brings together Mencken's rollicking convention pieces from 1920 (Harding-Coolidge versus Cox-Roosevelt) to 1936, when the same "Roosevelt Minor," as Mencken liked to condescend, trounced Landon (to Mencken's surprise and even dismay). Mencken was so possessed by his great satiric gifts, the style he cultivated as if it were a musical instrument (tuba), and by his "aristocratic" disdain for politicians as a class that his predilections were unaccountable and his predictions often wrong. He was positive (Henry never failed to be positive) that Hoover would be nominated eight years before Hoover actually was, that Al Smith would carry the Solid South ("It is simply impossible, in most southern states, for a self-respecting man to be a Republican"), that Roosevelt had little chance of being nominated in 1932, and that Hoover would be reelected.

With his many admirers and even worshipers, Mencken genially forgot such errors. Walter Lippmann said in 1926 that Mencken was "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people." His remaining fans are still not likely to confuse Mencken's *Sun* columns or the racily sophisticated magazines he edited, *The Smart Set* and *The American Mercury*, with the ideological monotony and political savvy now apparently necessary to everyone, right or left, who writes on American politics.

Mencken was essentially a satirist and not, as Saul Bellow once described

Alfred Kazin is the author most recently of *An American Procession* (Knopf).

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an overbearing lawyer, a "reality instructor." He was set in motion by the limitless freedom of style that entranced him in *Huckleberry Finn*. To read Mencken on politics is to remember that our greatest satirists have not been journalists and professional humorists but Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, George Ade, Sinclair Lewis. Mencken's own models were T. H. Huxley, Shaw, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Conrad—and Beethoven. He was a delirious lover of the best writing, the best beer, the best music, a man of relentless self-cultivation, a true scholar, an original, the last literary critic in this country to inspire novelists more than professors. He intellectually dominated the Age of Coolidge because he could not take politics seriously. In the age of Roosevelt and Hitler he lost general favor because he could not understand that the 1920s had ended. Where his political judgments had once been playful, they were now unconsciously sinister. On a visit to Germany in the mid-1930s, he wrote a friend that "Hitler's New Deal" was working better than Roosevelt's.

Mencken was not equipped to deal with our age of ideology and its requisite fanatics either. The new edition of *A Carnival of Buncombe* carries a foreword by Joseph Epstein, the neoconservative editor of *The American Scholar*. The current season also sees *The Liberal Crack-Up* by the *American Spectator*'s ferociously right-wing editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., a self-declared Mencken disciple. Tyrrell all too easily captures the more violent side of his model's gaudy style, but he would have shocked the always cheerful and personally benign Mencken by the extent of his political hatreds.

In any event, Mencken is not what right-wingers now riding high think he was. The word "buncombe" comes from a speech back in 1820 by a North Carolina Congressman who, when chided for its irrelevance, said he was "just talking for Buncombe County." How does "buncombe" or "bunkum" or "bunk" or "carnival" apply to an election that is at once boring and empty thanks to the trivial and even confused opposition to forces in the ascendency—yet ominous because those forces do not conceal their determination "to make a revolution"?

Mencken's unvaried point of view, from TR to Henry Wallace, was that politics is all charade. This seemed indisputable in an age when Herbert Hoover constantly had to play bridge with President Harding and President Coolidge found that the cares of office did not prevent a long nap every afternoon. Mencken described himself as one of "the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie, encapsulated in affection and kept fat, saucy, and contented." But the point behind all his scorn for politics as "surface" was that the average American had nothing to do with it; for him the New World dream of a carefree existence had given way to economic and political frustration. More than anyone else Mencken helped to keep Theodore Dreiser going; he told Dreiser (whom he properly regarded as a savage) that it was Dreiser's sense of the harsh American realities that was his most valuable baggage as a novelist. It was this, Mencken liked to tell him, that was responsible for Dreiser's gift for evoking feeling.

H. L. MENCKEN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

At *The American Mercury* Mencken enthusiastically published Jim Tully, the "tramp" writer, and James T. Farrell. As his friend Huntington Cairns noticed, Mencken as editor was drawn to writing by taxi drivers, workmen, convicts—the embittered who had good reason to share his harshly realistic assessment of our topsy-turvy existence in this country. For at the other end of the power scale were politicians whose overactive mouths alone had launched their careers—like William Jennings Bryan, whose "Cross of Gold" speech in 1896 stampeded the populist delegates at the Democratic National Convention into nominating him.

By the time Bryan died in Tennessee in 1925, after appearing as the prosecution's chief witness in the famous Scopes trial, he had revealed himself as a total ignoramus. (Under Clarence Darrow's cross-examination, Bryan insisted that man was not a mammal.) In his unforgettable obituary piece, Mencken (all stops out) described the man who had run three times for the Presidency, and had also been (briefly) Wilson's Secretary of State, as a masterpiece of redneck repulsiveness—still the demagogue overworking his mouth. Bryan "liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet"; he was glad to be "surrounded by gaping primates from the upland valleys of the Cumberland Range."

What Mencken detested in Bryan's

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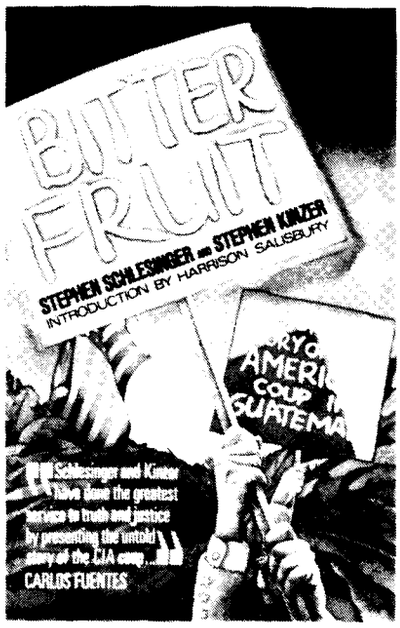

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LIBERALISM AT WITS' END

THE LIBERTARIAN REVOLT AGAINST THE MODERN STATE

BY STEPHEN L. NEWMAN

oral style (party and personal cultivation had nothing to do with it) he hated in "Professor Dr. Wilson," whose unctuous rhetoric took us into war. He genially scorned the unbelievable and near inextricable blather of "Dr. Harding," whose famous invocation of "normalcy" resulted from his misreading of "normality" in the draft prepared for him. Mencken had a cynical sometime admiration for Coolidge, whom he viewed as a con artist. He bitterly disliked Hoover, the "Englishman" who had amassed a fortune abroad and was too worldly and intelligent not to be considered a total hypocrite when he opened *his* mouth. Because of the anti-German hysteria during World War I, Mencken never got over Wilson in particular and underlings of the "New Freedom" like J. Mitchell Palmer, Wilson's Attorney General, who heated up the Red Scare. In these days of perfervid Americanism, it does my heart good to read the arch-Tory Mencken of 1920:

> The Red issue is dying fast; it will be forgotten before election. And the issue of Americanism is being murdered by idiots. Day by day its exponents pile up proofs that to be an American, as they conceive of it, is to be a poltroon and an ass.

On Eugene V. Debs, still in prison after the war for speaking against the war, Mencken wrote that

> Dr. Palmer came a good deal nearer being President of the United States than Dr. Debs will come. The one is deprived of his liberty cruelly, dishonestly, and unjustly; the other is perhaps the most eminent living exponent of cruelty, dishonesty, and injustice.

OBVIOUSLY Mencken owed the triumph he enjoyed in his day to his identification of style with a point of view. The style, theatrical and rowdy, was above all comic because it was *vital*, burningly clear. Clarity was the same as certainty, and certainty, bounding energy, a hellzapoppin flinging about of terms that Mencken often parodied or just invented, was the murderer of Presidential blather. Who can forget Mencken's going after "Gamalielese"?

> Setting aside a college professor or two and half a dozen dipsomaniacal newspaper reporters, [Harding] writes the worst English that I have ever encountered. It reminds me of a string of wet sponges; it reminds me of tattered washing on the line; it reminds me of stale bean-soup, of college yells, of dogs barking idiotically

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through endless nights. It is so bad that a sort of grandeur creeps into it. It drags itself out of the dark abysm (I was about to write abcess!) of pish, and crawls insanely up the topmost pinnacle of posh. It is rumble and bumble. It is flap and doodle. It is balder and dash.

. . .Why does it seem so flabby, so banal, so confused and childish, so stupidly at war with sense?

IN 1984, however, the problem with politicians is not that they are woolly and talk "buncombe," but that they are as slick, sharp, and altogether deceptive as the public relations types and advertising wizards who instruct them. Political language, especially at election time, is now entirely too "clear," well-polished and velvety, as vivid and eye-catching as a model's sexy rear in an advertisement for designer jeans. On television—and where else is he and what else is he doing?—Reagan's always tendentious words are inseparable from his theatrically husky voice and the "niceness" that is an American absolute and apparently attached to his smile. The visual is now everything; what counts is how you come across, and words (often used just as slogans) are disseminated as if they were the same as faces.

In the age of Mencken, writers thought that the pious "official" prose of Presidents (and other traditionalists) *had* to be ridiculed. But the most savage satirist today is left gasping when, after the massacre of over two hundred marines in Beirut, our President says that there is no need to pray for the dead, "because they are safe in God's loving arms." What could Mencken have done with Reagan's announcement (March 1984) that there has been "a spiritual renewal" since 1980—"I do believe that He has begun to heal our blessed land"? That it is "haywire" for the "Constitution to protect the Ku Klux Klan" while denying children "the saying of a simple prayer in our schools"? How much belly laughter would have been provoked in Mencken when Reagan defended his announcement that "politics and morality are inseparable" by saying that he was just arguing against people who want to take chaplains out of the Army—as if there are any such people!

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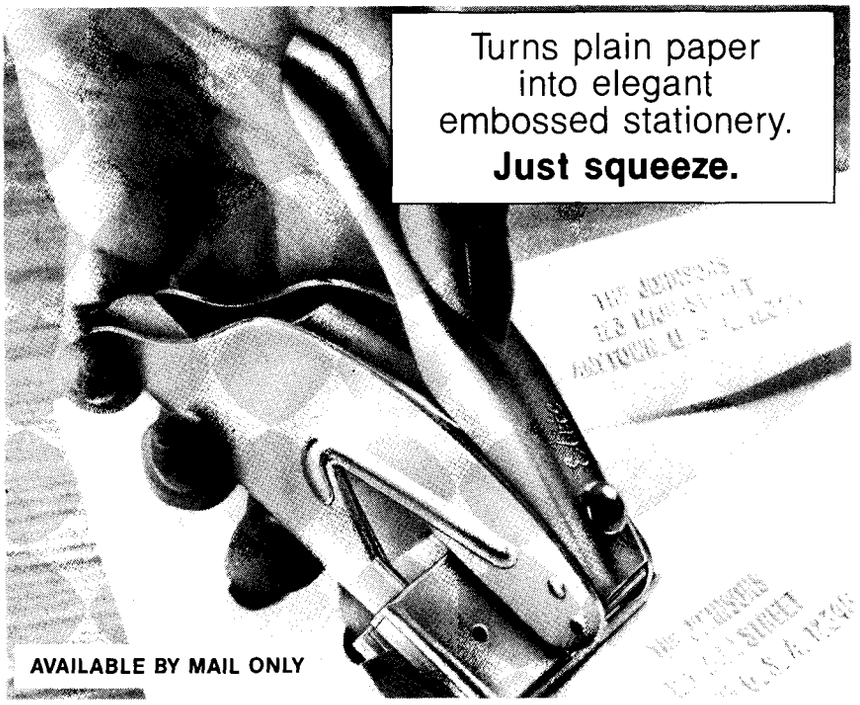

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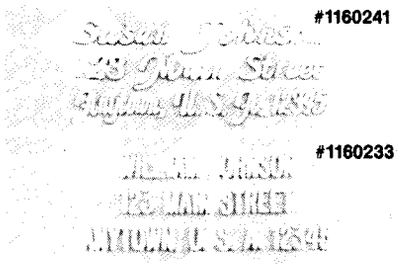

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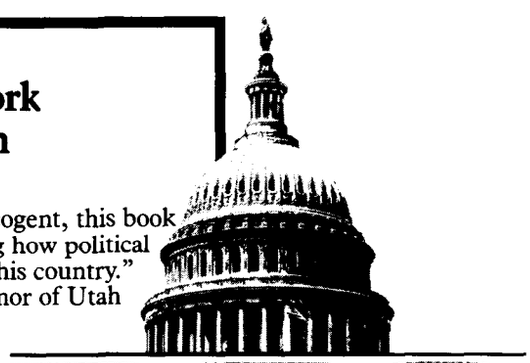

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INSIDE THE WORLD OF POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEES

LARRY J. SABATO

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time suffering Presidential politics as "total communication," manipulation, indoctrination—the shameless seduction of words used, authoritarian fashion, merely to rouse, to inflame, and so to set a patriotic mob to yelling, as they now regularly do at rallies, "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" Pomposity, incompetence, and oracular "fuzziness" have been replaced by "communication" at any price. And if you can't reach what Mencken prematurely called a "mob" (he should have waited for "the national hookup"), if you can't market your political goods immediately, you're just out of it, another in the army of obsolescence now ignored by "the politics of ascendency."

WHAT LIES behind all of this is the need to appeal to everybody at once. The critic Gilbert Seldes, noticing halfway through the century that comic strips, movies, and other evidence of "popular culture" were creating what he called "the Great Audience," thought that this constituted not just a new situation but an opportunity for intellectuals to shed their famous alienation. Current enthusiasm for the television fare that professors of "mass communications" herald as examples of America's undying "comic spirit" is either naïve or demagogic. Our mass culture is not generated by the people; it is handed down, more and more, by ambitious intellectuals who agree with Einstein that the real history of an epoch is its instruments. Intellectuals, left and right, in television and other training grounds of the communications industry, increasingly have one ambition, which becomes their earnest point of view: to reach the largest possible number. And as is now customary in twentieth-century politics, demagoguery goes hand in hand with authoritarian insistence on "law and order," the "family," Vichy's *"travaille et la patrie,"* and, of course (and mainly), "God."

What but God and Country? What but *Kirche, Küche, Kinder* can unite the largest number in the shortest time? Nevertheless, within this supposed national consensus, there is a "politics of ascendency," as Thomas Edsall calls it in *The New Politics of Inequality*, a brilliant explanation of why liberals are increasingly out of it and even wildly unpopular. Since the Gilded Age there has not been such a brazen insistence on class differences—on the part of the af-

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fluent and the "I'm all right, Jack" upwardly mobile "Yuppies." And in reversing and scorning their own youthful dreams, there are now so many exleftist converts to God and greed that it is fitting that their favorite President of all time should be a born-again patrioteer like themselves and as brazen in substance (but folksy in style) as the pitchmen who once sold painkillers without admitting that the stuff was mostly alcohol.

Brazenness, even brutality, is now the hidden content of political discourse. As Hemingway said in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "It was not so much that he lied as that there was no truth to tell." This promised land is really in for it—just wait until November. *The American Spectator* first came to my attention because it derided the sending of reading matter to prisons. (As of June 30 one out of every 520 Americans is in a federal or state prison.) In *The Liberal Crack-Up*, published just in time to persuade any "liberals" left that they are "out of it," perhaps crazy, Tyrrell mocks the homeless in America's great cities (most of them released on tranquilizers from state institutions) as "the true heirs of Liberal progress . . . strutting loons ridiculing the lunacy of the New Age."

Mencken would not have believed this. I have learned that a great many Americans do.

THE ENTREPRENEUR AS HERO

The Spirit of Enterprise
by George Gilder

(Simon & Schuster, 274 pp., $17.95)

Only someone with a sense of humor could survive reading this book. And no one with any trace of a sense of humor could have written it. To begin with, the prose is mind numbing. I apologize in advance, but the only way I can convey what I mean is to quote at length. Here is the last paragraph of a chapter glorifying a Canadian oil prospector:

> The exploration of matter is always a crucial preliminary phase, pursued through the scrupulous collection and manipulation of empirical data in the light of physical laws. But matter obeys these laws only to the extent that it is dead. Any creative breakthrough, in science or art, enterprise or love, depends on glimpsing and engaging some higher realm of life. Beyond the long labyrinths of things, the multifarious carrels of fact, the inspired explorer can finally break out into the mansions of providential mind. He then sees the limits of the culture of thanatopsis: the dismal mazes of entropy and death, the grim aporias of sense and flesh, the vain hoards of sterile wealth. He can stand at last with wild surmise on the frontiers of matter where life and god again begin, and see a world renewed and shining with possibility.

I swear that is not an exceptionally overheated passage. The whole book is written in sentences that visibly manufacture cholesterol as they go.

In form the book is a panegyric to entrepreneurs, or rather—and this is important—to successful entrepreneurs. An entrepreneur is someone who seizes a new idea and tries to transform it, at some financial risk, into an economically viable business proposition. He is the hope of the world, the hero of our time. And Mr. Gilder says there are some 30 million like him in the United States. (Where this figure comes from I do not know. For a man who professes to believe that the G.N.P. statistics are pure malarkey, Mr. Gilder is pretty swift with a number when it suits him.) Entrepreneurs are the sort of eagles to whom lesser breeds ought to be glad to sacrifice themselves. After all:

> The spirit of enterprise wells up from the wisdom of the ages and the history of the West and infuses the most modern of technological adventures. It joins the old and new frontiers. It asserts a firm hierarchy of values and demands a hard discipline. It requires a life of labor and listening, aspiration and courage. But it is the source of all we are and can become, the saving grace of democratic politics and free men, the hope of the poor and the

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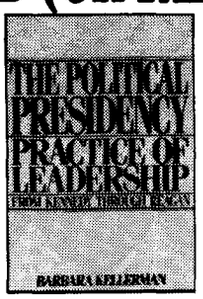

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obligation of the fortunate, the redemption of an oppressed and desperate world.

Now entrepreneurship is a socially useful quality. Other things being equal, a society that provides a favorable environment for entrepreneurs is likely to be better off than one that does not. It is part of Gilder's story that economists have ignored the all-important role of the entrepreneur in economic life. (On the whole, economists appear to be the very bottom of Gilder's totem pole. Academic intellectuals in general, especially liberal ones, and bureaucrats are not much higher; but economists are the pits.) Actually there is a lot of academic literature on the economics of enterprise and the functions of the entrepreneur. It tries to analyze the nature and economic consequences of strategic behavior, tries to figure out how alternative market forms differ in the extent of encouragement or discouragement they offer to entrepreneurial activity, tries to disentangle the financial return to entrepreneurship from the more prosaic return to capital.

I CAN'T SAY that this literature has been a great success. That may be because it is a quicksilver sort of subject, and besides you could not get a passage like the following into the crabbed pages of the learned journals.

> Bullheaded, defiant, tenacious, creative entrepreneurs continued to solve the problems of the world even faster than the world could create them. The achievements of enterprise remained the highest testimony to the mysterious strength of the human spirit. Confronting the perennial perils of human life, the scientific odds against human triumph, the rationalistic councils of despair, the entrepreneur finds a higher source of hope than reason, a deeper well of faith than science, a farther reach of charity than welfare. His success is the triumph of the spirit of enterprise—a thrust beyond the powers and principalities of the established world to the transcendent sources of creation and truth.

Even academic economics is aware that entrepreneurial activity helps to generate economic progress, and that entrepreneurship is a scarce and good thing. It would be useful to understand more about it. This is hard to keep in mind in the presence of Mr. Gilder's prose. If he wrote a chapter in praise of lettuce, it could turn you against green leafy vegetables forever.

Apart from praising the moral character of entrepreneurs and retailing their adventures as seen mostly by themselves, Gilder gets nowhere in usefully characterizing the entrepreneurial process. There are two reasons for this failure. The more important one is that his method consists entirely in oohs and aahs about *successful* entrepreneurs. There are no chapters devoted to the DeLoreans of the world, and certainly none to the unflamboyant failures, born to blush unseen, or to the guy who starts and runs a moderately successful commuter airline. Even a careful observer, looking only at the successes, could not learn to segregate and understand the conditions of success. Is it Daddy Warbucks's baldness that makes him so great, or is it the absence of irises in his eyes? We will never know unless we check how many failures are bald, and how many have little empty circles for eyes.

THE OTHER reason why Gilder fails as an analyst of entrepreneurship is that he is not strong on logic. If he is emphatic about anything—and dear God he is—it is that the entrepreneur is not limited by the market; he creates the market. (They are all men, by the way.) Even Joseph Schumpeter, usually regarded as being to entrepreneurs what Martha Raye is to dentures, is chided for giving too much weight to market forces. But all on one page Gilder tells us at the top that "*Supply creates its own demand* [his italics]," and at the bottom that Sony's entrepreneurs once fell into the "mousetrap fallacy—the mistaken idea that a new, useful product will bring the world unprompted to your door." He sagely concludes that Sony would have to learn—marketing. Indeed, what Gilder illustrates again and again is that every supply that creates its own demand creates its own demand. The supplies that do not create their own demand do not catch his eye.

Only occasionally does Gilder let on what all this is really in aid of. How can we help these benefactors of mankind? Why, by reducing personal tax rates and by eliminating whatever progression remains in our tax system. (There is even a delicate hint that personal tax reduction will unleash such a shower of entrepreneurship that aggregate tax revenues will increase!) There are two reasons for doing so. The first is to free that part of the creative energy of entrepreneurs that is now spent in exploiting tax shelters. The other is that the very

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lifeblood of entrepreneurship is access to personal saving. That is odd because in many, perhaps most, of Gilder's vignettes the crucial infusion of capital comes from a bank or from some other not-quite-personal lender. There is, after all, an institutionalized system for the provision of venture capital. Even some pension funds maintain a venture-capital portfolio. (I had better remind you that tax simplification and base-broadening are indeed worthy causes. So worthy are they that an acid test of one's seriousness in advocating them is whether one favors a simple, broad-based but progressive tax system.)

Anyway, money-grubbing cannot be what Mr. Gilder's heroes are about. I don't think profit-seeking is a bad thing. But he has all along talked about them in a vocabulary usually reserved for George Washington, and with all sorts of religious overtones. Do his eagles fly with tax accountants tucked under their wings? Would Jason and the Argonauts have abandoned the Golden Fleece on account of a point or two on the tax rate? Would Prince Henry the Navigator have settled for staying at home had the capital gains tax been shaded up?

The truth is that the tradeoff between incentive and equity in taxation is a complicated and tough issue of public policy. Our tax system probably does a terrible job. It is riddled with loopholes that tend to direct energy into unproductive activities. It does not achieve much real equity (and even less nowadays). If we had the will to reform it—which we do not—we might gain on both the equity and incentive sides. But it is neither clever nor honorable to do as Gilder does and submerge the equity issues in undocumented claims and claptrap. It irresistibly reminds one of what Bernard Shaw is supposed to have said to Samuel Goldwyn as they negotiated over the royalties for a film version of one of Shaw's plays: "Mr. Goldwyn, you seen to be interested only in art, while I care only about money."

ROBERT M. SOLOW

Robert M. Solow is Institute Professor of Economics at M.I.T.

PORTRAITS OF THE MASTER

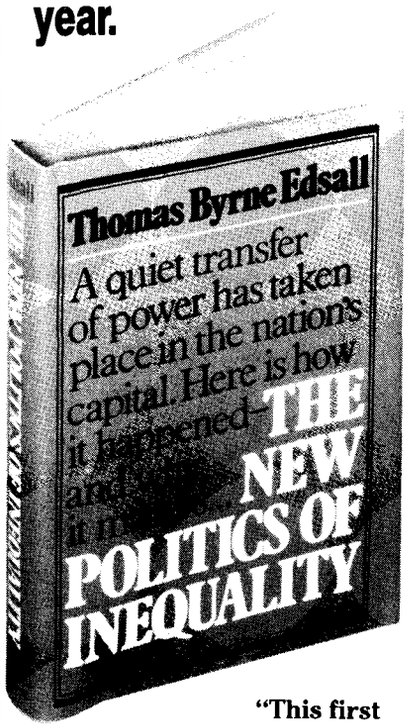
A Method to their Madness: A History of the Actors Studio by Foster Hirsch

(Norton, 367 pp., $18.95)

Lee Strasberg has always been the subject of considerable mythmaking, but in the last decade, and particularly since his death in 1982, a number of writers have begun carving icons out of his bones—idolatrous or malevolent, depending on the observer's point of view. The latest addition to the Strasberg bibliographical industry is a new history of the Actors Studio—the institution with which he was identified for over thirty years—by Foster Hirsch, a film professor from Brooklyn College. It joins a long list including Cindy Adams's celebrity biography *Lee Strasberg: The Imperfect Genius of the Actors Studio*, the Robert Hethmon-edited *Strasberg at the Actors Studio*, and, most recently, David Garfield's *A Player's Place: The Story of the Actor's Studio*, not to mention innumerable books, articles, interviews, collections, and tape-recorded sessions with the Master. Predictably, Hirsch's book is called *A Method to their Madness*. (Robert Lewis's anti-Strasberg lectures in 1957 were collected under the title *Method—or Madness?*, while a 1979 *New York Times* article was called "Can the Method Survive the Madness?"; even unfriendly writers tend to cast themselves as Polonius to Strasberg's Hamlet.)

Like the titles, the prefatory material of these books is often remarkably similar—first an account of the Stanislavsky system, then a history of the Stanislavsky-oriented Group Theater and the quarrels (especially with

"Indispensable reading" (*Baltimore Sun*) for this election year.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Stella Adler) over whether Stanislavsky would have approved of Strasberg's use of affective memory and private moments, and finally the story of how the Group tradition was reawakened when three of its members (not including Strasberg, who joined later) formed the Actors Studio. Aside from Bobby Lewis's amiably bitchy swipes at Strasberg in his recent memoir, *Slings and Arrows*, most of these works have been reverential portraits of an inspired if flawed teacher, responsible for a naturalistic style associated with the most famous American actors of the postwar period.

Hirsch's book is not as well written or researched as Garfield's, and it covers much the same territory; but it carries the history of the Studio up to the present day under the leadership of Ellen Burstyn. Yet another rehearsal of the issues at this late stage would seem superfluous, especially when the institution was arguably moribund, or at least sapped of its force and vitality, following the collapse of the ill-fated Actors Studio Theater in 1965. Still, the subject continues to exercise its fascinations, since the conduct of Strasberg and the Studio has been the focus of controversies about the moral and aesthetic direction of the American theater that are still being argued today.

I participated in these debates. As reviewer for this journal, I was a persistent critic of Strasberg and his Method, and later of the Actors Studio Theater when it stumbled badly through some maladroit productions. I did not believe I was prematurely judging a budding theater company, since Strasberg had been working with these actors in cloistered sessions for more than fifteen years. No, the performance of his long-promised practical theater cast doubt on the theory behind it, reinforcing a suspicion that the celebrated Method was inadequate to anything other than naturalistic, neurasthenic, personalized roles.

More depressing than the artistic failure, however, was a failure of vision. Unlike the Group Theater which, despite its economic structure, was trying to create a serious permanent ensemble as an alternative to Broadway, the Actors Studio was merely another arm of the commercial system, supine before stars, dazzled by celebrity, riddled with ambition. In an article called "The Keynes of Times Square," I likened Strasberg's acting reforms to those of a prose stylist who raised the quality of advertising copy or to an interior decorator of a crumbling structure whose foundations he did nothing to change. I felt these impressions confirmed when, at the height of his own fame, Strasberg founded an Arthur Murray-type chain of lucrative acting schools offering classes in commercials, and then virtually abandoned the Studio to act in movies.

WHERE both Hirsch and Garfield are interesting is in their behind-the-scenes investigation of how these apprehensions were shared by many Studio members, as well as by Strasberg's most severe critic, his son John. Virtually all of Strasberg's actors praise his capacity to free and expand their talents, but his behavior in relation to the Actors Studio Theater almost traumatized them. He chose a long-winded O'Neill play *(Strange Interlude)* to start the season as a vehicle for Geraldine Page, followed by a sketchy Costigan piece *(Baby Want a Kiss)* as a vehicle for Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward; he cast non-Studio stars such as Franchot Tone and Betty Field for the value of their names and allowed Jane Fonda and Ben Gazzara to sign on for only four months despite his stricture that

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everyone else contribute at least five months to the project; he turned a weak script by June Havoc *(Marathon 33)* into an even weaker one by waffling over revisions; when he directed *Three Sisters* with a star-studded cast, he astonished his own people with his rude dictatorial behavior, violating almost every precept of Studio training. Worst of all, following the disastrous reception of *Three Sisters* and *Blues for Mr. Charlie* in London, he joined in the criticism of Baldwin's play, adding that these productions "are not necessarily representative of the work of the Actors Studio. . . . We are not a repertory company, and have had a company for only a year." The actors, already demoralized by a bad press, were appalled by this betrayal, and George C. Scott almost took a swipe at him.

HIS CHOICE of plays was also questionable. With the exception of *Three Sisters*, a standard repertory item, and *Dynamite Tonite!*—an experimental actors opera cravenly shut down after one performance off Broadway because of a sour review from the *Times*—none of the plays of the Actors Studio Theater had much quality or ambition. It is depressing to read that Strasberg could have started his season with *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, which Albee had offered the Theater to the delight of most of its members. Cheryl Crawford, the Theater's executive administrator, was frightened by the play's bitterness and brutality; the Theater's leading lady Geraldine Page objected to playing another "drunken loudmouth"; and Roger Stevens, the Theater's general administrator, rejected it as "a dull, whiny play, without a laugh in it . . . one big yawn," adding "I will never be a party to subsidizing the speaking of those dirty words on the stage." (Peter Sellars, newly appointed artistic director of Stevens's Kennedy Center, please note.)

It was inevitable that play selection would be weak, since whatever its interest in actors, the Studio seemed to have little concern for plays. Strasberg was said to be extremely learned, and had amassed a huge library of theater books; but fixed on techniques rather than texts, he was totally undiscriminating regarding acting scenes or script interpretation. "Struck by the disparity between the Studio's inner technique and the play it is being applied to," Hirsch is nevertheless awed by an actress doing a monologue from Gibran's *Life of Jesus* (!) in which, playing Mary Magdalene, she brought the scene through a series of "drafts," at one point taking off all her clothes and saying " 'Fuck you, you son of a bitch!' . . . as she began to act out, at a primal level, the pain of sexual rejection." "With only marginal attention to the actual words of the text," Hirsch sighs, "she had captured the essence of the character."

Granting all the differences between the concert hall and the theater, imagine a violinist or a flutist treating a composer, even the musical equivalent of Khalil Gibran, in this cavalier manner. In Strasberg's Studio, the medium (the actor) was the message, and the object (the text) was simply a pretext for behavior. Even in the Directors Unit of the Studio, according to one observer, "most people tried to play safe . . . . There was a lot of Williams and Inge, the classic fifties and sixties slice-of-life school. There was practically no Shakespeare, very few classics, and few comedies." It was what these directors thought Strasberg wanted of them. It was doubtless what was wanted of them in the commercial theater. Although the Studio attracted many artists eager to develop their craft, it was

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more often a magnet for those less interested in interpreting great roles than breaking into Broadway and Hollywood.

Strasberg at first lamented the impact of Hollywood on such gifted actors as James Dean: "Talent has to be maintained with personal progress," he said, "and combined with a contribution to the theater." But Studio members were usually conscious of the contradictions in his position. "Despite all his idealism," said Jack Garfein, "he wanted money and success too . . . . When the opportunity came to be popular, he took it, which is what he counseled us against." "Lee was in love with stars," noted Estelle Parsons, with Madeline Thornton-Sherwood adding, "Lee knew his reputation was based on movie actors he produced." Not to mention those he didn't produce, but whose acting ambitions he exploited, such as Marilyn Monroe. ("The ones who made the sacrifices for art were not the Rabbi's favorite," Garfein adds. "Those who *made* it were the Rabbi's favorite.") Strasberg died dancing in a chorus line with celebrities during a "Night of a Hundred Stars."

Like most Studio biographers, Hirsch is dazzled by the luster of these stars and devotes a generous section of his book to such celebrated alumni as Brando, Pacino, and Dean. "Strasberg's rapport with the camera underlined the fact," he says, "that it is through the film work of its most famous members that the Studio has made its most enduring contribution to the history of American acting." Although hardly unexpected from a biographer who expresses his preference for plays set in the "real world" with "characters who are . . . every bit as neurotic as the people in the audience," this is an accurate statement—behaviorist techniques, private moments, and internalization are much more appropriate to the personality acting of movies than the character work of the stage; but it makes the Actors Studio seem like an accomplice of Hollywood, a feeding ground of the film industry. It is a common weakness of teachers to boast about their most successful students. Yet it is also a teacher's obligation to encourage such students to put their talents in service to something greater than their careers. For all his immense power and influence—and Studio members liken him to Jesus, Buddha, Moses, and the Great Sphinx—Strasberg possessed neither the moral beauty of his great mentor, Stanislavsky, nor the artistic passion of his warmhearted colleague, Harold Clurman.

THE FAULT seems to be in the personality. There is something pinched and disappointed in the face of Lee Strasberg; photographs never show him smiling, even during the most festive occasions. A singularly private individual, he attracted awe and admiration from his members, but very little love. If his son, John, is to be believed, he didn't excite much love from his family either. "My father's work dealt almost exclusively with the expression of feeling," he says, in the most insightful remarks to be found in these pages. "That's not the same as creating life on the stage. He was incapable of expressing his own feelings, so he always reverted to that in his work. He simply couldn't express himself on deep levels except in his work. Some actors will tell you he could, that he was a warm man: I know he wasn't." He is also interesting about Strasberg's inability to collaborate:

> My father could never work with anybody else on an equal basis. . . . You have to work out your dream with everyone else. Yet to have an ensemble spirit you need a strong leader. . . . His whole history in the theater was leaving it when the going got tough, as in the Group. . . . Doing it bigger and better and being famous were more important than the Theater and the organization. They were all self-serving, with no one big enough to rise above their own needs. It's the problem of America.

John Strasberg formed his own theater a few years ago, the Real Stage, partly in an effort to throw off the Strasberg inheritance and correct that "anti-literary bias" he blames on his father. It is one of a number of new theater institutions in this country devoted to texts, and to creating opportunities for intelligent actors concerned less with analyzing their own lives and dredging up their private emotions than with interpreting the great literature of the theater, past and present. Strasberg considered this act of his son's a betrayal and refused to talk to him or let him near the house. That's sad for many reasons, but especially because the son may yet prove to be the father's greatest legacy. "The Studio is passé and everyone knows it," comments John. "There's no new force there. New

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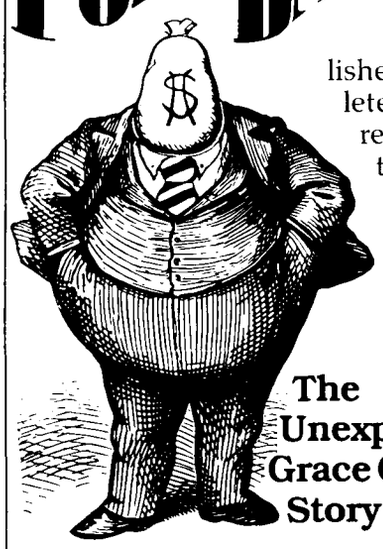

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artists don't seek it. . . . In its heyday, up through the Actors Studio Theater, it was a focal point for the *best* in American theater. . . . [Now] Ellen Burstyn runs it as a homage to my father: everything she does is in his honor." But there are many ways to pay homage to such a brilliant, defective man, including the corrective efforts of a brave rebellious son.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

THE GOOD GENERAL

Eisenhower: Volume I, Soldier, General of the Army, President Elect
by Stephen E. Ambrose

(Simon & Schuster, 637 pp., $22.95)

Eisenhower: Volume II, The President
by Stephen E. Ambrose

(Simon & Schuster, 750 pp., $24.95)

"Eisenhower," this magnificent biography begins, "was a great and good man," and with that no one of generous spirit would disagree. He was also, for more than half of his life, a poor man—in childhood dirt poor. It is from that fact in his background that a European reader would begin to assess his character. For the officer class in Europe, though often strapped for cash, has never been poor in the American sense. European officers are younger sons, clergymen's sons, sons of officers who have themselves had to scrimp and save. But the scrimping has always had to do with the keeping up of appearances which the haves and have-nots of their social order both accept at face value. Europeans accord their officer class the status of gentlemen, and thereby concede them a standing in society that automatically ensures them authority in their calling.

American officers, in the early days of the Republic, may have enjoyed a comparable head start. But by the time of Eisenhower's birth in 1890, when Manifest Destiny and open emigration had transformed the American class system out of all recognition to Europeans, the social certainties had gone. Some "southern gentlemen" continued to make West Point their goal. A few rich Americans allowed determined sons to go there; Patton, the most overrated of America's Second World War generals, was one of those. But the majority who arrived at the academy in Eisenhower's time were of the middling sort downwards. Marshall's family had fallen on hard times. Bradley had never known anything but the dawn-to-dusk deprivation of log cabin life. For both of them it was the free education West Point provided which drew them to the army. So it was with Eisenhower.

Eisenhower's father was a failed storekeeper (as, incidentally, Grant had also been). The town in which he sought to restore his fortunes, Abilene, Kansas, offered no bonanzas and few ways out for his six sons. But although he had lost his money, he retained two assets of inestimable value, family pride and a wife of character beyond price. The Eisenhowers were old Pennsylvania Dutch stock. So, too, were the Stovers, whose daughter Ida he married in 1885. They shared an upbringing in River Brethren fundamentalism and a veneration for education; indeed, it was the latter that brought them together when they prevailed on their families to let them attend a sort of college the Brethren ran in Lecompton, Kansas, in 1884. There he learned Greek well enough to read the Greek New Testament nightly for the rest of his life and she the Bible so thoroughly that she took pride in never

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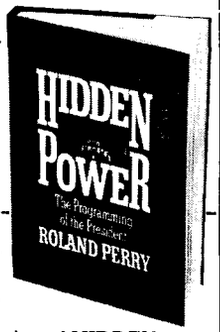

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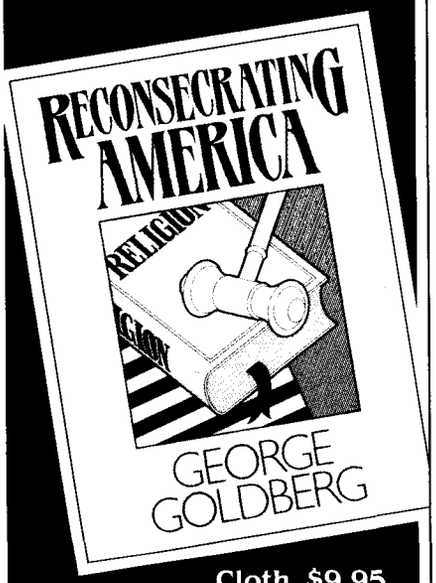

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Stephen Ambrose's description of the upbringing this couple gave their sons, often done before but never more tellingly, prompts one to ponder the whole question of whether children got a better or worse start in their century than they get in ours. Neither Abilene High School nor the Eisenhower household could offer any of the Eisenhower boys a hundredth part of the athletic, library, laboratory, or computer facilities that modern suburban—even inner-city—parents regard as their offsprings' birthright. This did not stop three of the Eisenhowers from making immensely successful careers and a classmate of theirs from becoming president of Cornell. Had the Eisenhowers been Jewish and Abilene High School in Brooklyn, that might not prompt surprise. But neither was the case. Might it not be, however, that what family and school provided in nineteenth-century Kansas was something that few institutions, except perhaps the Jewish family and Bible class (and their power may be waning), do today? David Eisenhower's Greek Testament reading, Ida's mastery of the apt Bible reference, surely translated—linked as both were to an exigent moral code and, through their financial tumble, to an acute concern for social rehabilitation—into rigorous intellectual demands on their sons.

ONE WAY of explaining Jewish intellectual excellence is through the concern for textual precision, as a basis for an ethical synthesis, that the biblical tradition demands. The Afrikaners have it, too; so in their time did the Scots who, through the outlets provided by the British Empire, enjoyed career opportunities that the Transvaal could not provide and achieved fortunes, positions, and intellectual reputations as glittering, in a subfusc way, as anything that Vilna or Vienna could display. One effect of modern educators' devotion to the computer will be to ensure that its devotees will altogether lack that built-in facility for automatic switching and reprogramming of highly charged memory banks—a skill that all those children of the Book imbibed almost with their mother's milk.

Ida Eisenhower transmitted to her sons much more than sustenance, material or mental. She may already have found a biographer. If she has not, she would make a splendid subject for the burgeoning band of feminist historians, for she stands high in the ranks of remarkable Victorian mothers. Like the matriarch of the Buchan brood, she drove her children to great worldly success within a lively fear of the Lord; unlike John Buchan's mother, she did so with wit, fun, and good cheer. One of the most charming features of Stephen Ambrose's book is its reproductions of the family snapshots, in which the famous Ike grin stands forth unmistakably on her very un-Mennonite prettiness. Her husband had the inarticulate goodness of a John Ford itinerant preacher; she overflowed with a zest for life that, as her most famous son freely and gladly admitted, was a major force behind his rise to the White House.

WEST POINT was the first step on the way. Not only was the education it gave free; it was also rooted in mathematics and engineering science. As a result, the West Point product, of which there were only a few hundred each year in Ike's day, was eminently fitted to succeed in his America. A cadet left the academy with a sharp practical intelligence and a personality which four years of subjection, succeeded by the demands of cadet-officer responsibility, had perfectly formed for a life of getting on with the other fellow. Throughout his career, Ike was to display to perfection the capacity to see the other fellow's point of view while working to get his own way—even, sometimes, when the other fellow was his constituted superior. If there is such a thing as the complete West Point product, Eisenhower was probably it.

Yet, though a great academy success, the pattern of American army life determined that his service, into middle age, would be routine almost to the point of inanity. One of the glories of American politics is that the United States is not an imperialistic power. The American officer of Eisenhower's vintage was therefore condemned to a round of posts in the American sticks. Their British contemporaries might, over twenty years, come to know the world from the Caribbean to the Himalayas. Eisenhower did not even see China, the only real overseas post open to an officer of the Old Army; his time in the Philippines was spent, as he later put it with uncharacteristic pith, "studying acting under General Mac Arthur"—to whom he acted as staff of-

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ficer in Manila from 1936-39. Chance deprived him even of an assignment "over there"; by the time the tank unit of which he had been given command in 1918, as a temporary lieutenant colonel, was ready for action, the Great War was over.

He was therefore never to come under fire; and it would be eighteen years before he was a lieutenant colonel again. Mamie, the sweetheart whom he married in 1916—the author is less forthcoming than he might be about their lifelong relationship—was uncomplaining about the straits to which his slow promotion through badly paid ranks consigned her. But narrow and constricting though the progression through Fort Leavenworth and Camp Meade was, Eisenhower inched ahead. And in the fall of 1941 he got his break. Appointed chief of staff of the Third Army for the Louisiana maneuvers (which were to be for American military reputation what the Italian campaign of 1796 was for the French), he scored a great success. Three months later, on the day after Pearl Harbor, Marshall's aide in Washington telephoned that "the Chief says for you to hop a plane and get up here right away." Eisenhower's career had begun.

IT MAY be that Eisenhower's greatest achievement was to survive ordeal by fire at the hands of "the Chief"—George C. Marshall. For Marshall, who may have been one of the greatest of Americans, was certainly one of the most terrifying. Even Roosevelt seems to have held him in awe, perhaps because of Marshall's fixed habit of never allowing himself to laugh at any of the President's jokes. With lesser mortals he denied himself even a smile (there is only one photograph of a Marshall smile) and before subordinates he maintained the great stone face.

Eisenhower had therefore to win Marshall's approval by the only route the Chief of Staff recognized, mastery of grinding hard work. "Give me a few hours," was Ike's only counter when Marshall asked him, in effect, to map a war-winning strategy in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor. During the next months, in which he allowed himself a bare hour to mourn the news of his father's death, Eisenhower worked every minute God gave to design a scheme for American victory. In a few weeks he had thought through and rejected plans to concentrate American strength in the Pacific. By midsummer of 1942 he was wholly converted to the "Germany First" strategy and was established in a London headquarters where he was to translate principle into practice.

The meandering of Allied strategy, via North Africa and Italy, was to postpone his realization of the strategic concept he formed in the War Plans Division under Marshall. But it was to be the making of his future. Eisenhower may not have been a great field commander—though that could be argued. He was certainly a supreme military diplomat, and in the circumstances of coalition warfare that is a more important talent in a Supreme Commander, which he swiftly became. By the time of Normandy, he had established a masterly touch with the team—Montgomery, Bradley, Patton—that was to beat the German army, and could almost effortlessly defuse the squabbles that regularly arose among them.

Much has been made of Ike's failure to impose his own will on Montgomery and Patton after the break-out from Normandy, when it seemed (though less clearly in retrospect) that the war might have been won, given firmer direction, in 1944. The truth of the matter is that the Allies in France were overwhelmed by the extent of their own success, which was far greater than they had anticipated, and that the prospect of total victory that year was a chimera. Eisenhower saw that, kept his head, and did what was best under the circumstances. If he can be accused of a failure, it was in not insisting that Montgomery clear the Channel ports, rather than striking at Arnhem, a failure of omission rather than commission.

AT THE TIME no one, at his own level and above, considered that Ike had done anything less than he should. It was with that reputation that he returned from the war, and the only surprise about his postwar career is that it took one party or the other the time it did to capture him as a Presidential candidate. Stephen Ambrose's second volume, devoted to his Presidency, lacks something of the magisterial quality of the first. It has the appearance of having been written at greater speed and so with less reflection on Eisenhower the President's quality and achievements. Still, it is a superb piece of biography, a

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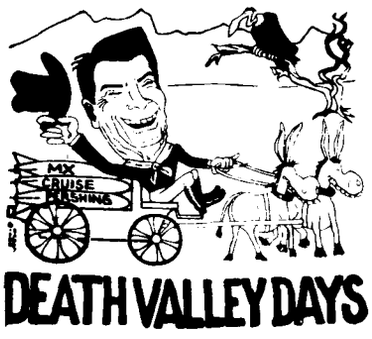

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detailed and objective assessment of his management of government, spiced with fascinating revelations. Some of these (which carry over from Volume I to II) concern his relations with the aspirant Vice President Nixon. Given the nature of Nixon's pleas for Ike's support during the Checkers affair—his language descended to the level of the latrine—it is astounding that his distinctly prim master kept him on the ticket.

One would have liked, perhaps, more of an assessment of the Presidency than the author supplies. With his broad conclusion, however, one would not disagree. Eisenhower, a man of war, had the balance and moderation in national security policy and foreign policy that perhaps only a man with prolonged exposure to casuality lists—and direct responsibility for them—can exercise. He was deeply skeptical about the efficacy of force and highly suspicious of the argument that security is a function of large defense budgets. He ended the Korean War. He squashed the Anglo-French efforts to bring Arab nationalism to heel by military means. He opposed single-handedly his own military establishment's inclination to settle affairs in Asia by the threat, perhaps even the use, of nuclear weapons. And he bowed out of his Presidency with a warning about the dangers of the growing military-industrial complex which would have fit better into the life of Gladstone than into the career of a man who self-proclaimed liberal opinion-makers characterized as the golf-playing companion of the common man's enemies.

Eisenhower was indeed a great and good man, because power did not deflect him from the values that his humble, high-minded, and God-fearing parents had given him in his Kansas childhood during the years of America's innocence. Those who continue to trust in the United States' unique capacity to do good in the world do so because they believe that there are still David and Ida Eisenhowers out in the great American heartland, rearing their broods on hope and on respect for the word.

JOHN KEEGAN

John Keegan, a contributing editor, is the author most recently of *Six Armies in Normandy* (Viking).

BRIEF REVIEW

Free Agents by Max Apple

(Harper & Row, 197 pp., $14.50)

Much of Max Apple's new collection could have been published in *Me Magazine*. There's Max growing up in the 1950s with a Yiddish-speaking grandmother in Grand Rapids, deserting his family and region, holding onto kosher food ("The American Bakery," "Blood Relatives," "Stranger at the Table"). From the "Me and Mine" section we have three stories: Max exploring fatherhood with children Jessica and Sam at Girl Scout meetings, in a "Pizza Time" restaurant, and on a Dallas movie set. In the "My Arts" department are "The Four Apples," a piece about stories for kids, and "An Offering," a fictional prospectus advertising shares in "Max Apple, Inc.," producer of "private fantasies." The title story, about Max Apple's organs' declaring independence from him, would be perfect for *Me*'s lead section: "My Body."

Four fictions told by single or separated men of Apple's age and two narrated by women (all about personal success in love or business) extend the narcissistic atmosphere. Only two stories—"Walt and Will," about the Disney brothers, and "Small Island Republics"—and two sketches, "Post-Modernism" and "The National Debt," are fully set in the public world. This wide vision is the appeal of his first collection, *The Oranging of America*, and *Zip: A Novel of the Left and the Right*. Rapid-fire effects or the "zip" of jammed fictional combinations have been Apple's trademark and reason for his admitted "shortcuts": using figures such as Castro, Mailer, or Howard Johnson as characters, playing with current events and brand names. Self is the shortcut of *Free Agents*, the quick starter for a story, but Apple doesn't push far enough into that self or send it wide enough to matter in most of these twenty pieces. The free agent owns himself only to sell himself: that's the feeling here.

The Max Apple of "American Bakery" solicits the reader ("Believe me, reader, I would like to know you") and in "An Offering" promises to be "generous and friendly," though not "ingra-

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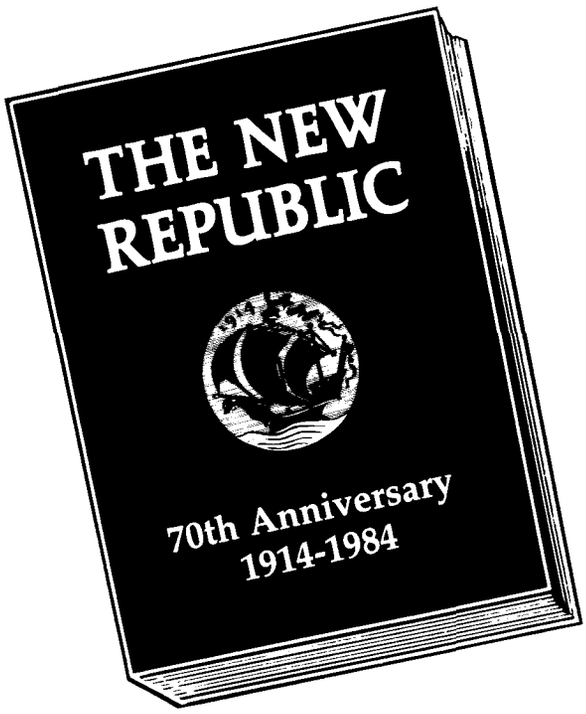

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tiating for profit." For all his Apple absorption, he's a likable fellow, a little nostalgic and guilty, well intentioned and concerned with continuity—his family's past and kids' future. Many of his stories, though, seem assigned or machined for magazine space—"Have Apple do 3,000 words on eating kosher." They are good first-person journalism but, with the exception of "Blood Relatives," a story about Jews and blacks in Muskegon, mediocre art.

The non-Apple stories, though also sometimes perfunctory, are generally better: they imagine strangers and set them in a sharper popular culture. Entertainment is the prime subject that links the two sets of stories. Disney's invention of the rapid-moving cartoon in "Walt and Will," the first story, engenders Disneyworld which, in the third story ("Small Island Republics"), effects a corporate merger with transistor-rich Taiwan. The empire of electronic entertainment invades the other stories, bringing the video revolution and adolescent-audience movies, softening up America for various rapid-turnover phenomena: dieting and running fads in "Carbo-Loading," revolving door therapies in "The Eighth Day," hula-hoop entrepreneurship in "Business Talk," and widespread free agency—the accelerated springing apart of sports teams, regional subcultures, and nuclear families. Walt's cartoon secret—"constant movement and sound"—becomes the Apple kids' warning: "Move it or lose us."

While complaining about the cartooning of America, *Free Agents* too often shares complicity with it. "If you want long, go to art," says Apple's spleen. But with twice as many stories here as in *The Oranging of America*, it's speed Apple has chosen. Donald Barthelme, Robert Coover, and Leonard Michaels use some of the same shortcuts and have some of the same targets in Americaland, but entertaining as they are, they also have the power to disturb. Apple's Disney story, with its depressed Walt and ruthless Will, has this capacity, as does "Eskimo Love," about a man who hooks (he thinks) his dead wife while ice-fishing. These disturbances come to be a welcome relief from self-irony, amusing fancy, and good-natured wit, the entertaining Apple.

"Making things up," says the author, "is not very difficult: the difficulty is getting the sentences to sound exactly right." Because the Apple who narrates often tags along behind a journalistic situation, and because his surrogate tellers don't have his linguistic skills, the crafted verbal texture of *The Oranging of America* is lost in *Free Agents*. Yes, beltway dwellers on the Southern Rim do speak in the plain, unmetaphorical style Apple gives them; but the writer to whom Apple is most frequently compared, Stanley Elkin, manages to give his similarly undistinguished agents jobs or interests or passions that create individual voices and separate textures. While "An Offering" and "Business Talk" do mock commercial jargon, and "Kitty Partners" uses some card-playing argot, too many of these pieces run together stylistically, yet another unfortunate result of the same self's dominance.

I'd like to see another novel from Max Apple. Though largely autobiographical and rather brief, *Zip* gathered together the talents of *The Oranging of America*. *Free Agents*—and perhaps the title admits it—disperses those talents, lets each sign up as a specialist for a story or two. If Apple can lay off speed and miniaturization, he won't have to be, in his own joke, "Max Apple, Inc., P.C.," the Apple Personal Computer. He could be main-frame.

TOM LECLAIR

Tom LeClair teaches at the University of Cincinnati and is co-editor of *Anything Can Happen: Interviews with Contemporary American Novelists* (University of Illinois).

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Crucible of Race: Black-White Relations in the American South Since Emancipation by Joel Williamson (Oxford University Press). A full-scale reconsideration of black-white relations in American history. (Reviewed 10/15/84)

Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott (Knopf). A masterful account of arms control policymaking since 1981. (10/15/84)

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography by Michael Scammell (Norton). A bold, balanced portrait of the man some hail as prophet, others denounce as fanatic. (10/15/84)

The War of the End of the World: by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An apocalyptic vision from Peru's most important novelist. (10/8/84)

Margaret Mead: A Life by Jane Howard (Simon & Schuster). A discerning biography of the influential American anthropologist. (10/1/84)

Stranger on the Square by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Random House). The posthumously published journals of one of the century's major intellectuals and his wife. (10/8/84)

Season of Spoils: The Story of the Reagan Administration's Attack on the Environment by Jonathan Lash, with Katherine Gillman and David Sheridan (Pantheon). A timely and persuasive account of a ruinous record. (10/1/84)

The Engineer of Human Souls by Josef Skvorecky (Knopf). An epic novel of a Czech émigré's life. (8/27/84)

Labour in Power: 1945-1951 by Kenneth Morgan (Oxford University Press). A comprehensive account of the party's finest hours. (9/17&24/84)

The Letters of Jean Rhys edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly (Viking). The novelist becomes one of her own greatest characters. (9/10/84)

TRB, *from page 6*

The opinions of this Fein are not the only evidence about what a Reagan Supreme Court would be like. Three of Reagan's most likely appointees, Judges Robert Bork and Antonin Scalia of the D.C. Circuit and Professor Richard Posner of Chicago, are strong believers in applying rigorous economic analysis to judicial decisions. Bork, at

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least, also professes a strong belief in "deference to democratic choice." But these two beliefs are bound to conflict more often than not, since the democratic branches of government don't always value free-market economics as highly as they do at the University of Chicago. Will Mr. Justice Bork resist the temptation to correct what he sees as economic mistakes?

"Strict constructionism" and "judicial restraint" are not always the same thing. A literal reading of the First Amendment, for example, would seem to forbid *all* government regulation of the spoken or written word. The Court in recent years has, indeed, been extending the First Amendment to cover what's called "commercial speech," and it's not impossible to imagine a "strict constructionist" Supreme Court outlawing, say, F.T.C. regulation of truth in advertising on First Amendment grounds. This would hardly be "judicial restraint." Nor would tightened restrictions on federal power under the Commerce Clause, another straw in the wind these days.

Every time Congress attempts to assert its authority under the War Powers Act, conservative commentators pause in their condemnation of "judicial activism" to declare that some judge should rule this nuisance unconstitutional. A recent article on *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page called for a Supreme Court that will "regard the protection of economic liberties as part of its own constitutional mission."

The phrase "economic liberties" hasn't been heard in a constitutional context for half a century. For three decades ending in the mid-1930s, a Supreme Court heavily influenced by conservative ideology defended "economic liberties" by overturning laws of all sorts that were burdensome to business. In those days liberals were the "strict constructionists," who wanted judges to respect the will of the democratic branches. F.D.R., through some unsubtle tactics, brought the Court around to this point of view.

For the past three decades, liberals have become rather too complacent about getting their own way through the courts. You don't need a view of the Constitution as cramped as Bruce Fein's, for example, to wonder how abortion got into the Bill of Rights. I spy some chickens coming home to roost. "Judicial restraint" is soon going to seem like a pretty appealing idea.

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by BRADFORD JACOBS

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Marks of Identity

FOR JEWS who voluntarily identify themselves as members of a religious civilization and a historic people, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur—those solemn occasions of communal convocation and personal penance—are *de minimis*. It is easier to be a Jew now than it has ever been, at least outside the Communist and Muslim ambits: no ascribed penalties are incurred, and not much of an onus either. It is now also easier for a Jew *not* to be a Jew than it has ever been, again excluding the Communist and Islamic countries from the generalization. Paradoxically, these two realities would seem to lead to one conclusion: that Jews—freed from hostile stigmata and surroundings and therefore from the compulsion to construct psychological amd spiritual encampments—are destined to an ever more impoverished group existence. It is all the more remarkable, then, how resilient and vital that communal life is. I don't mean the upsurge in our country of Jewish fundamentalism (as distinct from mainstream orthodoxy), which is as primitive, dogmatic, and intolerant as its Christian equivalents. I mean rather the confidence with which highly achieving Jews are Jews, not simply among their own but among others.

IT WAS NOT always so. When I came to Harvard, twenty-five years ago, even the High Holy Days were marked almost furtively and with some embarrassment, certainly about canceling or skipping classes. Today there are four congregations, much swollen at festivals: an Orthodox assembly, a gender-egalitarian but otherwise Orthodox gathering, a Conservative congregation, and a communion of those who meet under the Reform illumination. A theological centrist, I worship with the Conservative congregation in Sanders Theatre, the university's rococo memorial to its Civil War dead. Looking around that great ersatz synagogue, packed with people, I reflected that this may be the most unusual, or most unusually learned, Jewish congregation on earth: here a great interpreter of the scientific imagination, there a trio of our most provocative philosophers, here a daring microbiologist, there an eminent historian, a pathbreaking economist, a seminal sociologist. To paraphrase J.F.K., it may have been the most learned collection of Jews to assemble for prayer since Maimonides prayed alone.

STILL, THESE ARE NOT, by and large, people of great faith. The most that might be said of their piety is, as a great Yiddish poet once put it, "the God of my unbelief is magnificent." Yes, they are stirred by the primordial sounds of the *shofar*, the ram's horn blown as an evocation of the mystery of creation, a reminder of the wanderings of Exile, and a call to penitence. But these learned Jews, most of them, are not Jewishly learned; in fact, they are (myself emphatically included) abysmally ignorant, measured against the generations and against our own standards of secular learning. What kind of intellectual and spiritual models can such scholar-teachers be to the students who make up the majority of this congregation? Confident models of sentiment and solidarity, surely, but lacking in spiritual depth.

SO HERE the Jewish experience in America echoes that of other religions whose adherents adhere ever less deeply, of other ethnic groups whose distinctive cultures and languages have a precarious future. We know now that the two polar positions of the great debate on the character of the American nation turned out to be wrong. We were never really likely to end up the uniform product of a "melting pot"; and the rival vision of a vibrant cultural pluralism was just as illusory. What role, then, for government and for secular education in ensuring the vigor of the multiple ethnic and religious and racial strands in America? This is not an abstract question; in fact, the current election campaign is being waged in some measure over precisely this issue—at the initiative of the Republican right over the religious component, and of black and left Democrats over the racial one. History, I think, teaches that if secular public institutions associate themselves with the ideological ambitions of one demographically distinct group in preference to others, the social peace of all is imperiled. Yesterday it was a minority that wanted its group interest strengthened, by quotas, for example; today it is a purported majority insisting that its interests be imposed on everyone else, by school prayer, for example. Public policy and public disposition should "let a hundred flowers bloom," but let each supply his own seeds and fertilizer. This is exactly what has happened in America: toleration, perhaps even a tiny bit of justified indulgence, has been the rule. Still, it does not have a long history. The new confidence of Jews reflects the tolerance and acceptance which are now the attitude of nearly everyone, certainly wherever the vocation is the life of the mind, toward anyone who comes with different beliefs and different color and different origins, but without special pleading. Difference is in fact the pleasure of such communities.

I HOLD IN MY MEMORY an image. Harvard's Hillel society, which had been headquartered on the distant margins of the campus, was moving to the center precisely when the move was metaphorically accurate. There was a festive procession of students and faculty across Harvard Yard, with the Torahs (the Scrolls of the Law) being carried at the front of the line by, among others, the then Dean of the Faculty, Henry Rosovsky, who had come to America as a refugee from Nazi-ruled Danzig. The image I carry shows him and the Torah as they passed, altogether unself-consciously, the impassive stone statue of John Harvard. At that moment, it seemed to me, Jews were no longer outsiders at Harvard. Some Jews, like some blacks, still think and behave as if they were outsiders, although the evidence that they are not is overwhelming. But acceptance doesn't make for that inner depth which alone gives meaning to outward confidence. Will Jews find the resources to deepen themselves and through that deepening ensure their meaningful survival? Jewish history of much bleaker times, when assimilation was an attractive and explicit program, suggests they will. But in a free society—which is to say one in which government doesn't impede their hopes and the broader culture doesn't erect barriers against those who also identify themselves more narrowly—it is their own business if they succeed or fail, a test of their mettle and not of the good will of anyone else.

M.P.

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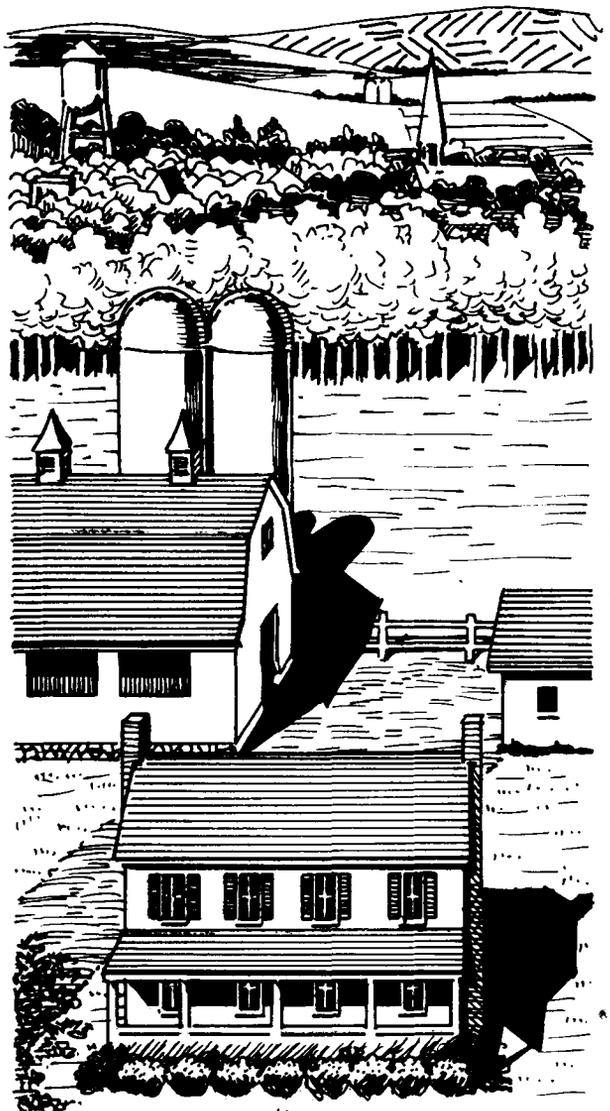

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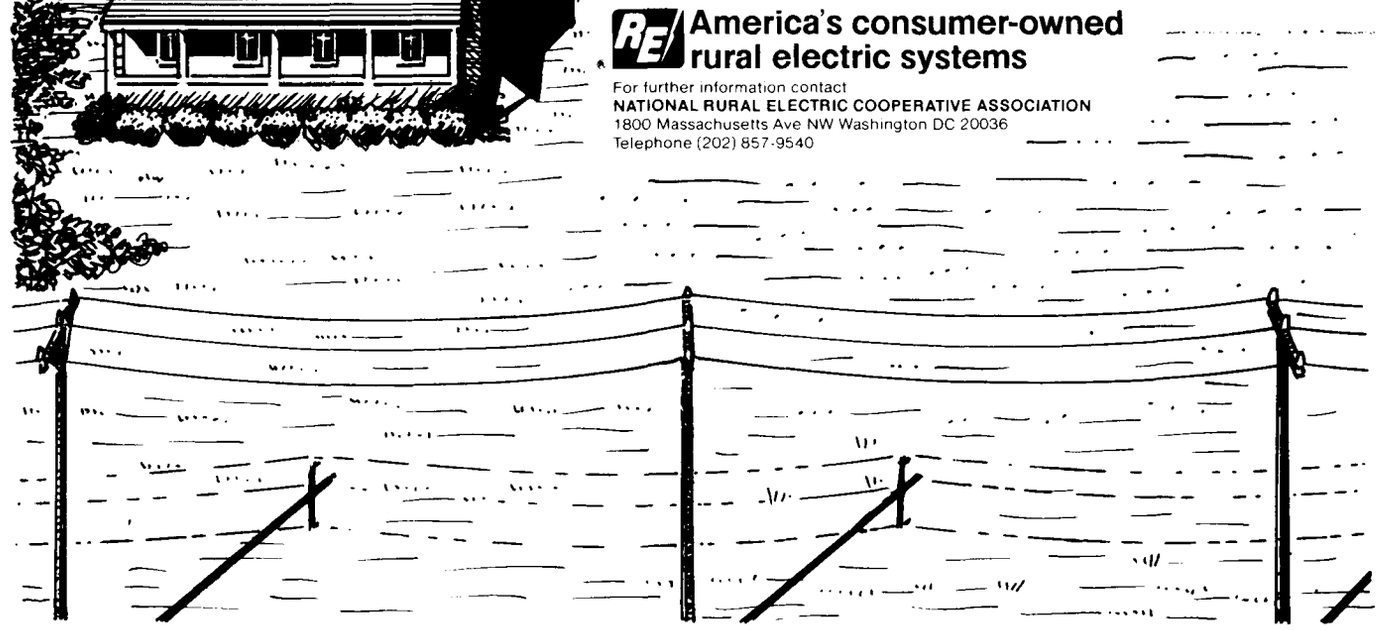

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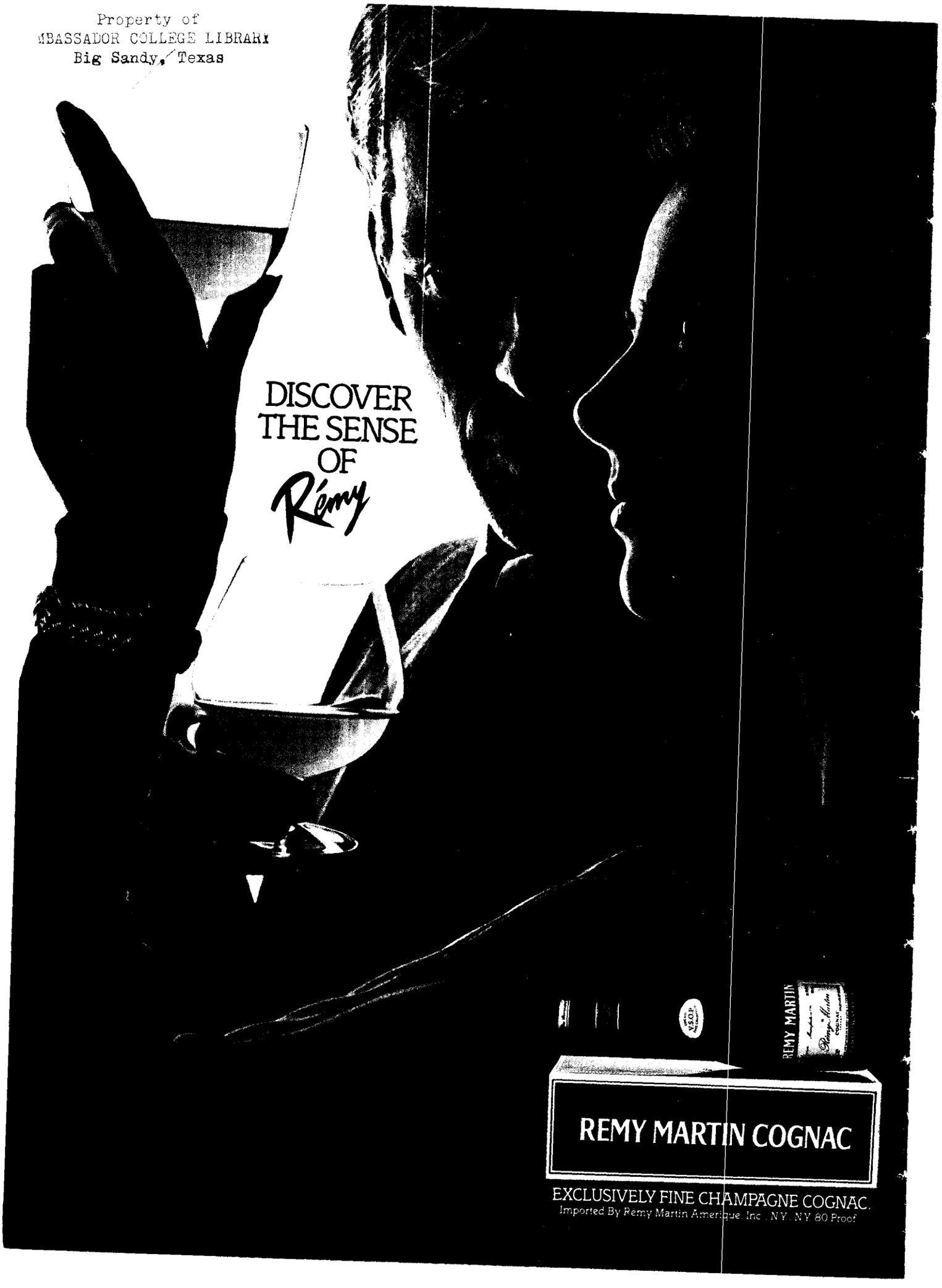

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